

ST. NICHOLAS.

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NEW YORK.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

EVERYBODY knows that New York's patron saint is St. Nicholas, and that he looks after the happiness of all young people in this broad and happy land. Omnipotent as he is,—and able to go down half a million chimneys of his pet island in a single night, let alone the rest of Christendom,—it would put the merry saint to his wits, if asked to tell about his own city in a few pages of his own magazine. He might just as well crowd the Genie back into the Fisherman's jar, or carry the whole western wheat-crop in a single freight-car, or perform some more saintly and miraculous feat.

But let our motto be the ancient one—"St. Nicholas be thy speed!" After all, one can always say that New York speaks for itself. Every American has two places of residence—one, his own; the other, New York. Every one, at least, except the New-Yorkers. They are so sure of the truth of my half-borrowed saying—in fact, so sure that New York goes without any saying—that they do not take the trouble to tell the world how it goes. There is no civic horn hung up for self-proclamation. If there was one, few New-Yorkers would stop

to blow it. They stop very little for anything. Their city, to begin with, is the busiest, most hardworking town on earth; the rush, the industry, the rumbling, the passing up and down its wondrous length, are of themselves a marvel and an excitement. Perhaps the unconcern of its citizens is the strongest kind of horn-blowing. But this may be carried too far, even to the point of self-depreciation.

Yes: if New York does not become a perfect city, it will not be for want of instruction from her own children as to her needs and shortcomings. Sometimes a visitor takes us at our word, and in turn declares that the great town is unclean, long, narrow, and repulsive, and—that we put our feet in the trough. But then we get our backs up, like the praying deacon who called himself the vilest of the vile, and then grew angry because his neighbors would n't trust him.

Nevertheless, we have handed the brush to those who mark the faults of our work, until the canvas is well splashed over. Why not, for a change, see if there are not some beauties also?

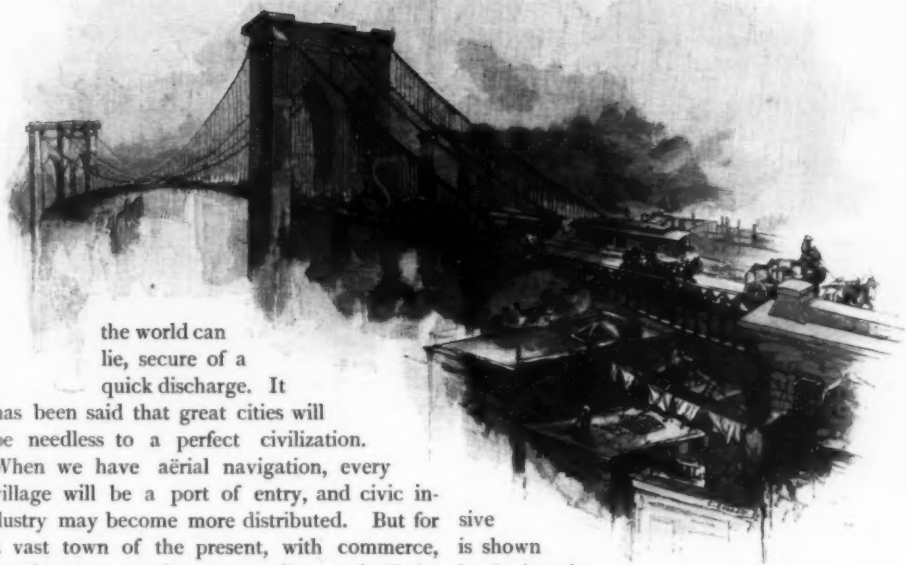
For example, here are those gifts of nature, which few people are likely to consider, but without which, they should call to mind, New York could never have become the Empire City. These are its climate and locality. Healthy boys and girls don't care what the weather is—except that they all like a snow-fall, and none wishes it to rain on a holiday. I have heard this climate called the worst in the world, but usually by some newcomer or weakling—seldom by an old resident. And I have heard far other climates called each the worst in the world, even one that tires you with its evenness, and is, in fact, no climate at all, but the want of one. The old Gothamite knows that his is the best kind of a climate; that its changes are alternate bracers and soothers. He knows that his one storm to guard against is the nor'easter, and that storm, along this shore, never comes without fair warning. He knows this is the only city where one can tell with certainty whether he need carry his umbrella—I mean the only city except London, for there he must *always* carry it. However, the nor'easter here is not so cold and raw as on the New England coast. He knows, besides, that however hot the summer, his island is swept by sea-breeze and land-breeze; that its suburbs abut upon ocean and bay and sound and river, and are watering-places of "the first water." So that New York, in what is called its residential portion, is a great watering-place itself, and yearly frequented as such by our friends from the Southern States, and from the West Indies and Spanish America, who delight in its zesty air, its Long Branch and Coney Island and Rockaway, its East and North Rivers, its drives and out-of-door dinners in the Park, its cool and radiant garden concerts, its countless summer attractions by day and night. He knows that on its island-ridge, with "water, water everywhere," salt and fresh, and with such an atmosphere, this should be, and will be, though it is not now, the cleanest, best-flushed, healthiest city in the wide world.

The extremes of winter cold are brief and mild compared with those elsewhere of which he reads. The polar storms and ice-waves are mollified on their journey from west and

north. They somehow lose their rage as they near this edge of the sea,—so that once in a while, when a real blizzard gets here, though the drifts melt in a week, it is talked about for a decade. At this middle of January, while I am writing, and when the northern hemisphere is enduring the most prolonged and extreme "cold spell" known in many years, and when reports come from the inland regions as far south as Maryland and Tennessee, and from Continental Europe, of temperatures far below "0," the mercury in New York has not once fallen to zero. All through the strange season of 1891-92, when the South was shivering, the whirlwinds, cloudbursts, snow-drifts, were heard of everywhere, even within a hundred miles, save in the charmed circle of New York and its suburbs. Here all was serene.

And as for atmosphere and sky! Think of the cloud that hangs over London,—the smoke-veil of many a populous western town. Here the sky is blue by day, and the stars compel us to see them at night, just as they do in the country. The past generation kept from too much exhilaration by making the best part of the city "brown-stone." Our new architects, with poetry in their souls, are doing otherwise. Their joyous structures of marble, and creamy brick, and glowing tiles are brightening street after street. If they were not, you could not make the aspect gloomy. Dark or fair, New York always laughs in the sunlight.

Its climate suggests the importance of its site. Here was the spot designed, with the first rise of the continent from the ocean, for our grandest seaport. Thus far, its population has been crowded on Manhattan Island, if we exclude that of the shores across three rivers, and from this density have come both our success and our defects. We have had no space for rear alleys, but they are beginning to be a feature of model building-blocks in the broader region far "up-town." But where else are twenty miles of wharfage for ships to approach, and as many more of shore-line awaiting the future? Add to all these an equal length available for our suburbs of Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Staten Island. In our bays and rivers the ships of



the world can
lie, secure of a
quick discharge. It

has been said that great cities will be needless to a perfect civilization. When we have aerial navigation, every village will be a port of entry, and civic industry may become more distributed. But for a vast town of the present, with commerce, warehouses, manufactures, markets, and all the delights of society and culture that increase the worth of life,—for a city to organize the activities of a mighty nation, the ideal locality has been given to New York.

Here are the portals of the continent, and such they must always be. Here the old and new worlds come together. Here, for the present, is the spot where wealth chiefly centers, where our nation collects nearly two thirds of its commercial revenues, where the investments of its citizens are bought and sold, where the endurance, industry, refinement of a people look to their leaders. This cannot always be so preëminently the case. The United States cannot always depend upon New York, as older countries depend upon their capitals. For ours is a land of all climates and soils, with varied divisions, each requiring a capital suited to its conditions. Thus far, New York is the metropolis.

It is a matter of pride and patriotism, and of education, for young readers to think of this—of what is meant by a metropolis—when they visit New York. That the meaning is impres-

sive
is shown
by the impulse
which brings every
one, old or young,

to see the great town. For every American rightly feels that he has a share in it—as he feels that he has a share in the national capital, Washington; he knows that his own State has contributed to its wealth and talent and local traits, and that here he has a right to feel at home. He comes to a city which, as we learn from one authority, has a wealth “greater than that of the entire State of Pennsylvania,” and five times greater than Illinois with its world-famous city of Chicago. He learns that within a space not much greater than the London metropolitan district, there are over 3,000,000 of his fellow-beings. Make the suburban circle a little larger, and 1,000,000 more will be included; so that New York with its suburbs is now the second among the civic centers of Europe and America. In visiting this metropolis, moreover, with its unique mixture of nationalities, he sees the peoples and customs of the entire civilized world.

Thoughts of this kind probably are not what

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE—THE END
OF THE NEW YORK ANCHORAGE.



End of City Hall.

The World.

The Sun.

The Tribune.

The Times.

SOME OF THE NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS.

chiefly fill the minds of New York's younger visitors. They and I know very well the sights they chiefly come to see, the famous marvels and attractions of the great town—the Brooklyn Bridge, the Liberty Statue, Trinity Church, the Exchanges, the great newspaper offices, Cooper Institute, Madison Square Garden, the parks, Grant's tomb, the museums, monuments, and

places of historic interest. They wish to see the shipping at the docks, the huge ocean steamers, the yacht-fleets; the rich and brilliant shopping-districts—yes, and their frequenters, for I am not the first to think that the women of New York, from the fashionable dames and damsels to the spirited, self-reliant shop-girls, whether of native or foreign blood,



ON THE BRIDGE—VIEW TOWARD THE NEW YORK SIDE AT NIGHT.

or of the two commingled, have a more various beauty, and a style and carriage more indisputable, than can be observed elsewhere. When I was a boy, Barnum's Museum was the place which boys and girls visited without delay. That does not seem (to me) very long ago; but now there are scores of places of amusement for young and old, and delights and wonders far more confusing and endless than those which Christian and Faithful found in Vanity Fair. But rather than to catalogue such sights, let me try to convey some idea of New York as a whole, of its character for good or bad, of what it means now, and what it is to be and to mean in the future.

First, of the impression made by so great a metropolis, the mysterious spell of the city—instantly felt, yet as difficult to capture as "the secret of the sea." I remember how wonderful it seemed to one boy, after coming down the East River on a Sound boat, or entering the city glare at night—with the feeling of the country lad in "Locksley Hall," whose spirit

leaps within him to be gone before him then
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs
of men.

Once among these throngs, there is the strange vastness of abode, the fascinating vistas down far-away streets, some of which I have left unexplored to this day, so that the early feeling may not be quite lost. And then the tremendous stream of humanity, flowing south at dawn and back again at dusk, and in and out all day! No one whose youth was passed in the country ever becomes quite free from these sensations. His town-born children comprehend the city. They are of it, as he is not, and tread its streets with an easy confidence of birthright. On the other hand, they will never know the inmost secrets of wood and field. Nature whispers these to her children only in their youth.

A like effect is produced, in less degree, by a few other cities. So I will suggest the method by which visitors can gain at once that personal impression of New York as a whole which the best map poorly conveys. To begin, I would have them view it on both sides, the Brooklyn and Jersey fronts, and "the islands" with their institutions, from the ferry-boats east and west. Then let them obtain those

"bird's-eye" views which various points afford, and which are rivaled only by the views from the Boston State House dome and the Eiffel Tower in Paris. That from St. Paul's Cathedral in London, owing to the fog and smoke, affects one chiefly through the imagination, which in truth it powerfully excites.



TRINITY CHURCH, FROM WALL STREET.

There will be a grand lookout in Philadelphia when the tower of the Public Building shall be

finished. But rarely will you get such a metropolitan prospect as from any one of three elevations which I select from the many available.

First, then, get leave to ascend the noble clock-tower of the Produce Exchange, very near the island-point where the city had its beginnings. Below you is the site of the old fort, in which the Dutch governors ruled "New Amsterdam," and which hard-headed Petrus Stuyvesant had to surrender to the Duke of York's forces—their first act being to rechristen the settlement and fasten their master's name upon us. Within sight, everywhere, is perhaps the most continuously historic ground of the Revolution, and at your feet the spot whence King

George's beaten soldiery finally left these shores. Here, too, are the Battery and Bowling Green. Look off, and you will never forget the scene about you. The vast commercial region stretches northward. You can almost throw a stone into Wall street, where Washington took his presidential oath. In this direction you see the grandest buildings, vying in height with Trinity Church and St. Paul's; a little further, mark the "Telegraphic Capitol," and the towers and domes of the lofty newspaper edifices. Everywhere, far as the eye can see, is a mass of stores, warehouses, financial buildings; in short, the spreading traffic, the strictly commercial and executive portion of the town. Survey the har-

bor, to Liberty and Staten islands, to the forts, and through the Narrows to the sea. To right and left are the rivers, the Bridge, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and the inland hills. Both of the rivers, you remember, are to be bridged and tunneled again and again. What splendor of life and movement in the streets and on the water! Such a maritime panorama at all hours, with ferry-boats, tugs, schooners, steamers, going to and fro, and ships and yachts at anchor, can be seen nowhere else on earth,—there being no other city, equally huge, that is at once ocean-port and metropolis.

Concerning the impression produced by a closer knowledge of all this activity, I will quote from a letter written by a London author, for some time here a resident. He writes:

"So closely has New York bound itself to



THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE AND TOWER.

me that the regret is keen when I feel that its marvelous atmosphere, its bright, buoyant life, and its youthful vigor, are not likely to be a part of one's own record again. . . .

It is just because the grimy stress of our hideous throbbing city is as dear as are its quiet squares and its show-streets that I feel I love London,—and because the motley down-town of New York—the crowded ferry-boats—the life of the streets—are so superb to one who can appreciate them, that I feel I may also love its clubs and its aristocracy of genius, its glorious Hudson and its luxurious life!"

Now go three miles northward, and you are in that civic center which has shifted, with-in memory, from the City Hall Park to Union Square, and again to Madison Square—the plaza around which are tokens of our most brilliant life and pleasure. Here you are whirled up the delightful Sevillian tower of the "Garden," and from a height of 300 feet look out "over the roofs of the world"—picturesquely broken up, spire-pierced, full of color. Here you view the social and residential "up-town" region,—rich and proud mansions, the costly hotels, the theaters, clubs, music-halls, opera-houses, and the colossal apartment-houses. The Roman Catholic cathedral lifts its white spires over all. You see the churches, homes, and play-houses of upper-class New York, as it now exists.

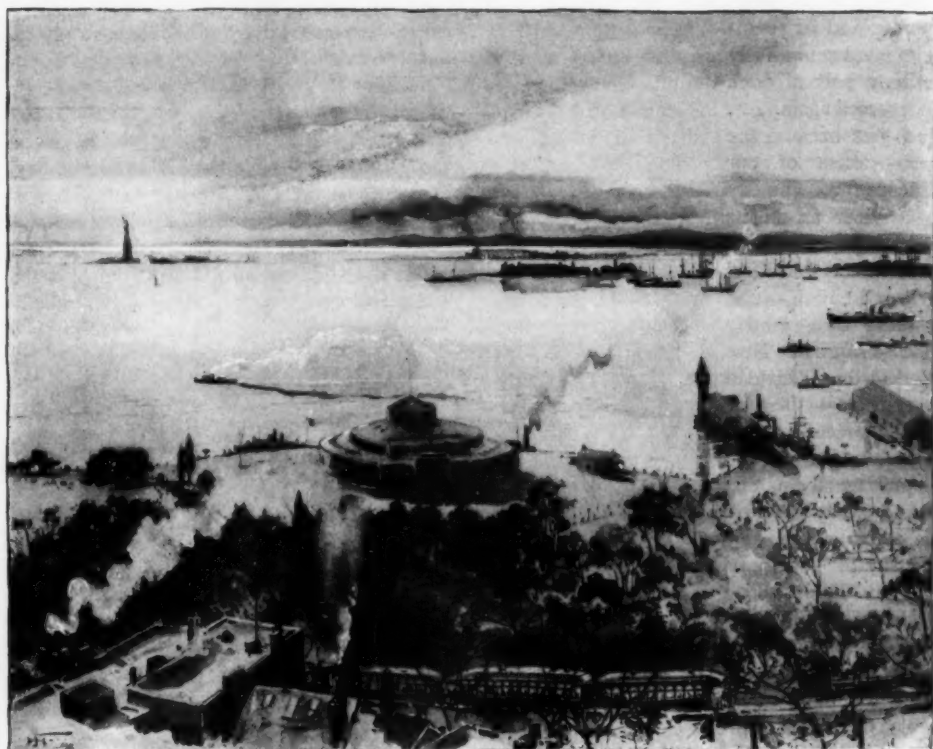


MADISON SQUARE GARDEN AND TOWER.

Three miles more, and you may climb the Belvedere on the highest eminence of Central Park. Here one is enchanted by viewing that long pleasure-ground which nature and art combine to make so varied. It is too narrow, perhaps, but this enables you to see how it is bordered with new and stately mansions, and to look away to the Riverside and Morningside parks, and yonder to the "Cathedral Heights," to be crowned anon by the Grant Mausoleum, the Columbia University, and by that coming wonder—the Protestant cathedral. Between is the "new New York," a spacious tract with fair streets, houses of modern design, a score of

new churches, and all the evidences of amazing recent growth. Above Central Park, the Harlem district is a city in itself. Throughout the

than we are told of. Only, its ways are not our ways — its standard of life is not, for the most part, the American standard, and we cannot



VIEW TO THE SOUTHWEST FROM THE TOWER OF THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

"new" region an ambition prevails, such as that which animates a western town. But one's fancy looks away to the northeast, and beyond the Harlem River, to the New York of the future, of which I shall speak again — to the complete and enlightened metropolis, the final outcome of all this wealth and achievement.

I have not asked you, thus far, to get a view of a vast, foreign, and poorer district, stretching from Broadway to the East River, though it is equally characteristic and suggestive with all that we have seen. Its qualities affect all the rest, as we shall soon feel. Its population, added to that of the other "foreign" districts, is the majority. There is misery enough, you all know, among its thickly crowded inhabitants, but there is also more happiness and content

judge it by the latter. But, to complete your general view of the metropolis, you will, without my advice, speedily acquaint yourself with five streets, four of them known by description to every child in the land: Broadway, with its extension, the Boulevard; the Bowery, just as remarkable in its own way; Wall Street; Fifth Avenue; lastly, the Riverside Drive, already peerless with its curves and outlook up the Hudson.

There is enough, I say, that is unseemly and pitiable in the populous city, but I have chosen at first to dwell thus upon impressions of its beauty and power, because the general aspect of the more evident part of a town is, after all, like that of a human face — it does give us a clue to character and tendency. Some for-

eigner has said that, until entering our harbor, he never understood why an American moved along as if he bore the word "Empire" in invisible letters upon his forehead.

One morning in May I reached our "gates of the ocean," returning on a steamer from the West Indies. Among our passengers was a young Englishman, an Oxonian, on his way home from Jamaica. He was to pass only a day in New York, having gained an unfavorable idea of it from a newspaper letter, but wished to get the most out of his day. I was not ashamed, however, of the approach to the city that sunlit morning, through the imperial Lower Bay, alive with sailing craft and steamers. As we passed through the Narrows, I saw that he understood the delight with which mil-

island, proclaiming her wardership to all the world: a poetic figure—in conception, at least—at the very outpost of the country of materialism. Then, the Upper Bay, the rivers, the cities on each side, the airy wondrous Bridge, the shipping, the Queen of Cities right in front.

I helped my young Englishman through his custom-house inspection, and attempted no apology for our wooden docks, except to say that Rome was not built in a day. His box was sent to a hotel near Madison Square. But him I conveyed by the "L" road to my station near Central Park, casually remarking that this railway carried 600,000 passengers daily, or 219,000,000 a year, and had never lost through negligence the life of a passenger once



VIEW TO THE NORTH FROM THE TOWER OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

lions of immigrants have looked upon the green slopes flanking that entrance to their promised land. There was Liberty on her buttressed

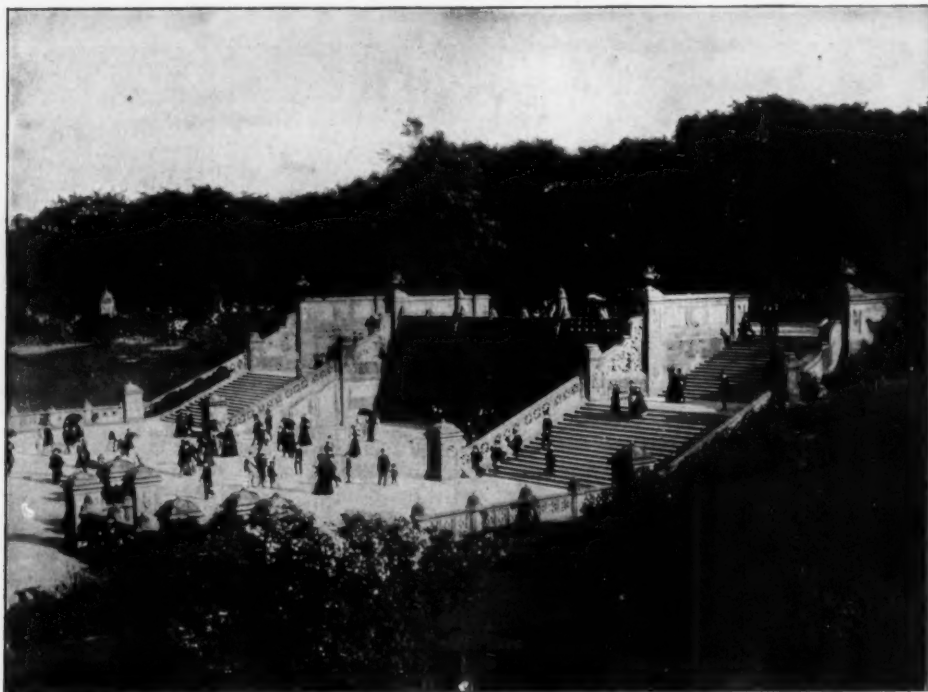
fairly in the company's charge. As we stood on the high platform at West Eighty-first street, looking over Manhattan Square, and across

Central Park,—where our flag was streaming from the Belvedere,—and at the grassy meadows and stately houses, he—who for a year had not seen a green English sward, and who had never found such a sky as ours elsewhere—broke out: “Why, this is a dream. It is glorious!”

Then I bade him enter the Park at Seventy-eighth street, and walk—he was a sturdy walker—down by the Lake to the Mall, and then to Fifth Avenue, and by that thoroughfare a couple of miles to his hotel; and so I left him,—being, as you see, something of an impressionist. I am sure he reached his hotel with a joyous heart and a good appetite; and

many fine cafés, within a half-mile radius, at a price which one must pay when he wishes luxury.

It is preëminently, also, the city of hotels, varying from the cheap lodging-house to superb palaces for our millionaire guests. But it is no less a city of homes, though this is what a stranger does not readily comprehend until properly introduced to them, and then not fully unless his visit extends to months or even seasons. Let him land in a less cosmopolitan city, and, with friends to welcome him, he soon will know its best home life and society, and will say: “How charming this is! how much like life at home!” But after a few weeks, he will



THE TERRACE IN CENTRAL PARK. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. S. JOHNSTON.)

that he got as good a breakfast as can be obtained on British soil.

This reminds me that New York is now the city of cafés; that in no foreign capital can you have your choice between so many of different nationalities and at all prices, and between so

have little new to discover. In New York, the process is exactly the reverse. Nor is our “best society” that restless, extravagant set which arrogates the name, and is forever on exhibition. It is, as elsewhere, the society of culture and refinement, now increasing so rapidly. It in-

cludes, no-less, upon its list many of the best estates and oldest families of Manhattan. It has the home life, art life, the life at the Century Club and kindred organizations, which has become the envy of the merely rich and luxurious.

And now, with respect to the evident defects of the metropolis,—the contrasts of splendor and squalor; the want of evenly distributed beauty and comfort; the want of civic spirit;

again, in the same premature way, to the second. Or suppose a Dutch turnspit so strangely enchanted that, when quite young, he should become an English house-dog, and, just as he was having some comfort and growing into shape, should change into a half-grown mastiff, bigger and more ungainly; and that then it should appear that he was destined, after all, to become a magnificent lion, of dimensions requiring so abnormal a growth as to unsettle for



VIEW FROM THE CORNER OF BROADWAY AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FACH BROTHERS.)

the need, shared in common with various American cities, of "municipal reform."

In any judgment of these matters, two things should be understood. New York always has experienced sudden transformations. While minor towns are affected by the changes in their respective districts, the striking changes of all districts are reflected here. The metropolis has had no chance to become wonted to any of its metamorphoses. Imagine a school-boy suddenly promoted, before he had got half through his fifth form, to the fourth form or class, and forced to adjust himself to it as rapidly as possible; and then, before half used to the fourth class, as suddenly advanced to the third, and

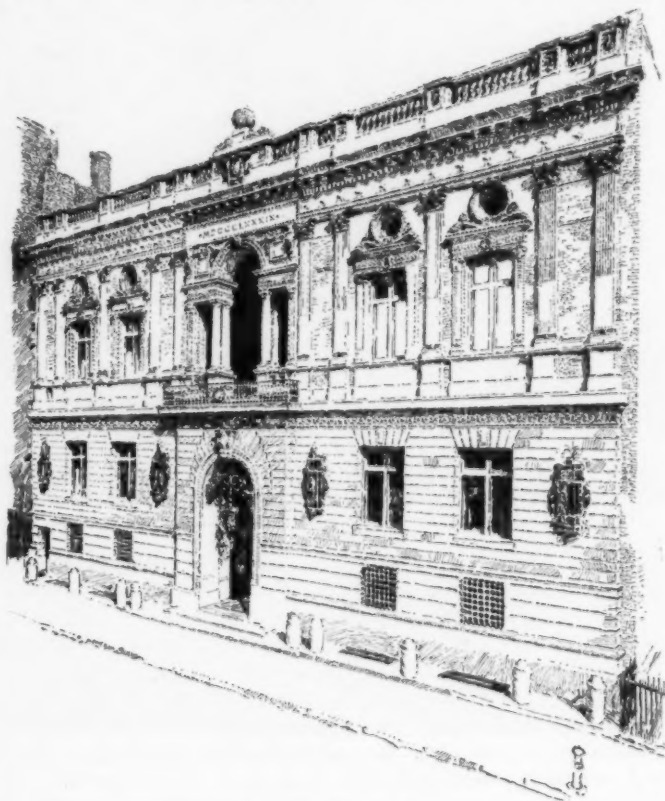
a while his temper, looks, and proportion. A single invention, for instance, alters not only our way of living and doing business, but the city's appearances. In time the whole town may grow up to the "elevator" period. We are constructing prodigious and often slightly buildings; but these are here and there and everywhere, so that they produce, except in a district just south of the Park, an effect as different as possible from the even perfection of Paris. They are grand, indeed, in the region I have excepted. For New York is the city of palatial apartment-houses, excelling in number, comfort, splendor, and outlay any others in the Old World or the New. I could devote this

article to a description of the "Navarro" houses alone. There are countless smaller apartment-houses and flats, suited to families of all stations. Before the war, people of moderate means were compelled to "board"; there was not a single flat above the grade of the East Side "tenement" floor. Rents are still high, owing to the shape and restricted area of the island, but thousands of hopeful young couples are happy in the independence of their pretty "apartments."

The second thing to be remembered is that New York not only handles the resources of the nation,—and on such a scale of increase that to make its docks and streets keep pace with it would require the means of the State, almost of the nation itself,—but it also has a special, vast, and patriotic task—to receive the living overflow of Europe, to cleanse and distribute it, to retain the most unsightly portion of it and make this, as the clear Mississippi makes the turbid Missouri, a portion of its own substance. New York, then, is the city of immigrants, the most hospitable and educational of world-centers. It is the national reception-room—the place of rest for hungry, travel-worn pilgrims after Jordan has been crossed. The task of American New York and its government is to take these foreign hordes in hand, to welcome the better class and make Americans of them, and to gain from them labor, taste, color, in return; to receive also the far greater mass of the coarse and wretched, and to make Americans of them, if possible,

but certainly of their children. And not without success. When a patriotic day of joy or mourning occurs, it moves one's sense of their growing brotherhood to see that their humble decorations in the colonial "quarters" are more general than the costlier trappings elsewhere.

The metropolis, then, assimilates these strangers; such is its unceasing, heroic task. By the State census of 1890, there were 1,800,891 souls within the present city limits. Four fifths of these were either foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents. Out of 43,659 persons dying in 1891, only 7883



THE HOME OF THE CENTURY CLUB.

were of native parentage. I have obtained by favor, at Washington, statistics of our foreign-born population by place of birth, according to the United States Census of 1890,—facts un-

known to our boards of Police, Health, and Charities. (Fancy an Old World city government uninformed as to such matters!) Of the 1,634,234 persons enrolled, 639,943 were "foreign-born," and it may be assumed that as many more were the children of foreign-born parents. The foreign-born were composed of 110,723 Germans, 190,418 Irish, 48,790 Russians, and 6759 Poles, 10,139 Scandinavians, 3951 Italians, 2048 Chinese, 887 Spaniards, 266 Turks, 263 Greeks, and of all other nationalities 129,699. Add to this list the children of these immigrants born since their arrival. The Russian Jews have more than doubled in number, by immigration, since 1890.

These are dry figures for young readers, but I spare them enough more to fill an arithmetic. So varied is the population that New York is called the first Irish city in existence, and the largest German city except Berlin, and that it contains large Russian and Italian cities, and goodly Norse and French towns. Its Jewish residents number probably over 250,000. With their thrift and talent they swiftly rise from poverty to independence, and to their cultured leaders we owe no mean share of our advance in music, art, and letters. Again, in 1890 there were 23,601 persons of African descent (black or of mingled blood), a smaller proportion than one who frequents Sixth Avenue would estimate. Nearly all these colonies occupy districts to the east and west of the grander thoroughfares, as distinct as the Jewish quarter in Prague, or the Christian quarter in Constantinople. How broad and populous the great German district beyond the Bowery; how picturesque and typical the French quarter below Washington Square!—in which artistic writers have found their most fascinating themes and atmosphere.

Now, the supervision and training of which I speak devolve upon the municipal government, with its courts, police, schools, hospitals, aided by noble charities and missions of all classes,



THE WASHINGTON ARCH, WASHINGTON SQUARE.

and retarded by conditions upon which I do not enlarge, but which excite the zealous criticism that is of itself a hopeful symptom. Evident as is the need of a model city government—like that of Birmingham, for instance—New York can justly take pride in the Police, the Fire Department, the Militia with its noble armories, and in the grandest of aqueducts, each of these an example for other municipalities. Our public schools, however, much as they have advanced, are neither large enough nor good enough. A thorough change is needed in their administration and capacity.

More than upon our rulers—who can plead that they fairly represent the "majority"—blame must fall upon the dull indifference of the great trading class which has built up New York, yet has lived here solely to acquire gain. We need not regret the past absorption of dry-goods men, manufacturers, etc., in their business. Out of their success—as the stories of Venice and of other historic cities tell us—the higher attainment must come. Such is the law—first, material success, then taste and ideal progress. It is no less to the shame of our moneyed classes that the movements for public culture, adornment, elevation, are set on foot and sustained chiefly by a small and most

select group of generous men. Their names can be counted in a minute, and of these the richest often have not given in proportion to some of lesser means.

If an appeal to the business man's sense of the ideal is useless, let him consider his practical interests. What is the situation? That New York is a true metropolis is shown by its provincialism. Paris is the most provincial of cities, because the most visited. When I asked a London-born lady, resident in Paris since her childhood, if she did not wish to revisit her native land, she replied, with a French shrug of

don. Let our business men have a care. There is a new metropolis in the central West; there will be another on the Pacific. There is commerce enough for all, but our easy self-assurance hastens the inevitable reduction of our custom-house receipts as compared with those of growing rivals; it is already reducing our superiority in the marks of taste and learning.

For years the mercantile classes have thrived without much civic pride and gratitude; without reflecting that a time may come, as to Babylon, when their heirs may "weep and mourn" because "no man buyeth their mer-



THE BOWERY AT NIGHT, SEEN FROM THE GRAND STREET STATION OF THE ELEVATED RAILWAY.

her handsome English shoulders: "No, indeed. Why should I wish it? Does not all the world have to come to Paris?" The Parisian cares nothing for the outside world, but he knows how to make it pay tribute. London? Read the English papers, and you will see how ludicrously England undervalues the mighty life of the western hemisphere. We copy the example, forgetful of the prophetic "course of empire." Westerners are alert to see this, and to wonder at us, as we wonder at Paris and Lon-

chandise any more." How does Paris continue? By making herself ever more fair, creative, and alluring; so that all resort thither for happiness, for art, science, learning. It is amazing that our mercantile classes do not demand, and lavishly create, the finest streets, public buildings, lights, arches, pleasure-grounds; the grandest schools, churches, universities, libraries, museums; and withal, a trustworthy municipal government.

We need not complain, now that literary and

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artistic conditions are bettered, and the victory is won, that New York has been "a stony-hearted mother" to her writers, artists, and scholars; that her respect for art, learning, literature was so long a kind of dress-coat patron-

purely ideal appeals, the great heart of New York, once touched, is tender and sympathetic. This is, above all, the city of charity. It is even true that much of its niggardliness in matters of taste has been due to want of leadership



THE NEW YORK CITY HALL.

age and diversion; that even now our newly rich have advanced but to the object-lesson period, and encourage art largely to delight their eyes with beautiful "interiors" that are the luxury and evidence of moneyed success. For the conditions are changing, as I have said in referring to "our best society," and so rapidly that the younger workmen can never realize what their predecessors encountered. There are hopeful signs, even in our self-reproach, of the growth of "civic spirit." There is a realization of the educational value of the beautiful—testified by such creations as the Madison Square Garden, by financial and other structures equaling in design the best in the world, by the museums, and the new Arts building, and the Washington Arch, each and all of which have aroused local pride, and the desire to advance upon these hopeful beginnings.

Much may be forgiven, too, to those who have "loved much"; and it must be confessed that, however slow has been the response to

and organization. The subscription to the Arch was successful. That for the Grant Mausoleum, requiring more than \$500,000, halted in favor of a call for help to the suffering. It instantly was made up when an executive leader planned a mode of appeal to all citizens. No other town ever has responded with generosity more swift, practical, and unstinted, when human misery has been made known to it. Nearly \$2,000,000 were contributed by New-Yorkers to Chicago after the great fire. Over \$1,000,000 were promptly raised in aid of sufferers by the Johnstown flood. Whenever pestilence, flood, fire, or famine makes havoc elsewhere, the bounty of the metropolis seems exhaustless. Its hospitals, both public and private, are more than notable; indeed, physicians complain that our hospital system is so munificent that this city is a poor place for all but the chiefs of their profession. The Fresh Air Fund is renewed annually by the voluntary gifts of old and young. Charitable societies, especially the

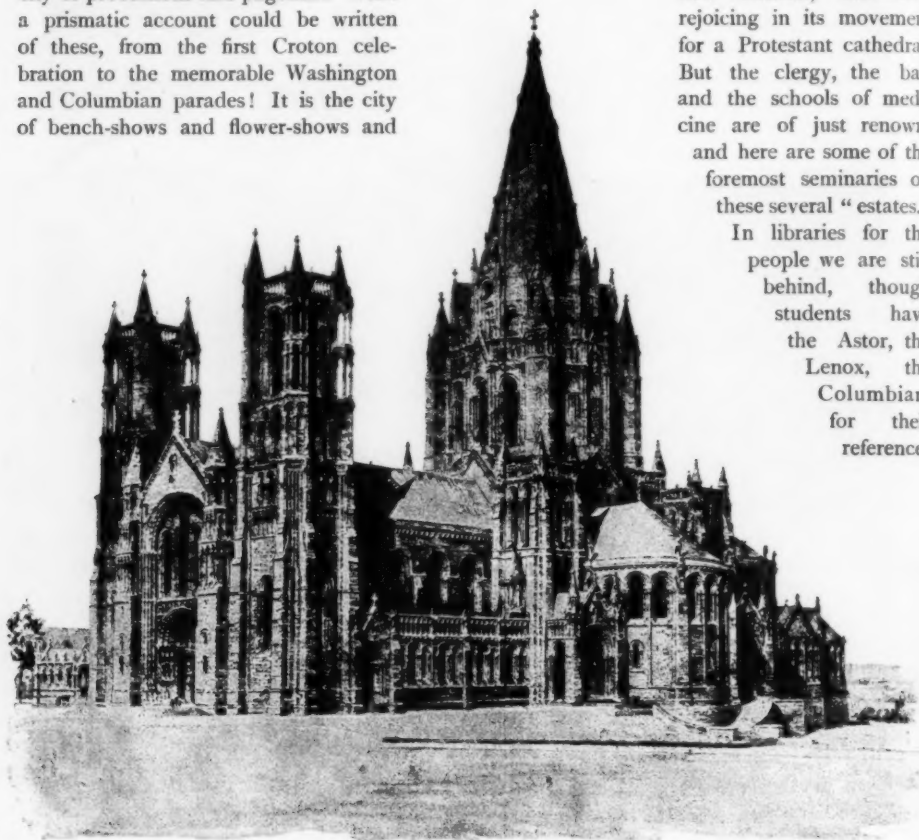
Children's Aid and its like, have for years triumphed in noble and successful work. The new Kindergarten movement is of promise.

Other things must at least be mentioned, for which the metropolis is great in spite of itself, as French say. Partly owing to its special formation, it has been, and will be, the city of processions and pageants. What a prismatic account could be written of these, from the first Croton celebration to the memorable Washington and Columbian parades! It is the city of bench-shows and flower-shows and

sic-halls, are reaching the front. It is the city of clubs, mercantile, fashionable, political, professional, dramatic, artistic, literary, social above all. These outrank those of any place except London in quality, luxury, and number. It

is not the city of churches, though becoming so in the new districts, and now rejoicing in its movement for a Protestant cathedral. But the clergy, the bar, and the schools of medicine are of just renown, and here are some of the foremost seminaries of these several "estates."

In libraries for the people we are still behind, though students have the Astor, the Lenox, the Columbian, for their reference-



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE. (BY PERMISSION, FROM THE DESIGN PUBLISHED IN "ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING.")

horse-shows, the latter with its attendant display of thoroughbred and thorough-dressed men and women. What we need, and will yet possess, is an American Colosseum, across the Harlem, in which more than a hundred thousand people can witness such contests as the Thanksgiving foot-ball game. It is the city of theaters, and the rallying-point for actors great and small. Its orchestras, conservatories, mu-

work. New York has not only her Columbia College, now entering as a university upon a new career under the inspiring guidance of President Low, but on either hand she has Yale and Princeton almost as closely related to her as Harvard is to Boston. Finally, in her museums she has the youth of institutions worthy of her greatness, and already advanced by private largesses to a point further than

the subsidied museums of London reached in an equal length of time.

Above all, the metropolis draws to itself the ambitious youths, the picked men and women, from the country at large. Hither they come, to see and not be seen, yet finally to profit so much by what they see as to achieve reputation and success. If few of them are coddled, if the struggle is keen and sometimes cruel, talent after all has its equal chance in the testing process which only the fit survive. The vast aggregation of life gives freedom—liberty of action and belief, and seclusion or society as one may choose. There is, of course, the hard-hitting of opponents, sometimes very unfair; but there is no room for the petty scrutiny, bigotry, formalism, of little towns. The fresh note, the genuine addition, are eagerly welcomed. New York's ingathering of writers and artists is yearly more significant. Here they find the needful atmosphere, and the dramatic, picturesque life of sunlight and shadow, upon which their genius thrives. Here, then, are the schools of art and architecture, and, above all, the most important literary and artistic markets. Where the food is, "there will the eagles be gathered together." The writers upon the staffs of the newspapers—secular, religious, and technical—are of themselves an intellectual army, and in the lead of national opinion. New York magazines are foremost in popularity here and abroad. They have developed native writers, and are eagerly contributed to by foreign pens; they have created modern wood-engraving, in which America stands at the head as confessedly as in the construction of modern stained glass—an art brought to fresh and marvelous beauty by our local designers. As for publishing-houses of all grades, this city has more than its proportional share. The best of them, like the leading houses of a few other American cities, are

conducted by educated gentlemen, generous in their outlay, whose relations with authors are intimate, and honorable to all parties concerned. Lastly, with respect to professional life in New York, it may be said that until recently it derived its strength largely from the New England element, but is now recruited from all parts of the country, and many born on Manhattan Island are specially conspicuous in art, letters, and the other liberal pursuits.

When our younger friends revisit the Empire City in 1923, they will complete their series of bird's-eye views by surveying that of which so many are now dreaming—the greater city of the future. The idea of "Greater New York" has of late taken hold upon the public mind. Movements once begun, in view of such a conception, never go backward. The civic pride, now awakening, is sure to fulfil its mission with increasing ardor. Thousands of my readers will live to ascend some tower above the Harlem River, from which they will see not only Manhattan Island, filled to all its shores with buildings, and the acropolis where are grouped the Mausoleum, Columbia University, and St. John's Cathedral with its dome and cross at the highest height,—but will also gaze upon the residential city to the east, with its series of magnificent parks, its beautiful mansions set in garden-closes, its speedways, plazas, and broad shaded streets. In the distance, the Brooklyn district will beacon from Long Island's shore, huge as New York is now, and united by bridge after bridge with what will then be the district of New York. For, while both the present cities may retain their present titles, the imperial metropolis will inevitably be consolidated under one name—and that, perhaps, neither Dutch nor English, but aboriginal. There is none more purely American than *Manhattan*, and none to which the term "historic" more truthfully can be applied.



POLLY OLIVER'S PROBLEM.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

Author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "A Summer in a Cañon," etc.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XIV.

LIFE IN THE BIRD'S NEST.

POLLY settled down in the Bird's Nest under the protecting wing of Mrs. Bird, and a very soft and unaccustomed sort of shelter it was.

A room had been refurnished expressly for the welcome guest, and as Mrs. Bird pushed her gently in alone, the night of her arrival, she said, "This is the Pilgrim Chamber, Polly. It will speak our wishes for us."

It was not the room in which Polly had been ill for so many weeks; for Mrs. Bird knew the power of associations, and was unwilling to leave any reminder of those painful days to sadden the girl's new life.

As Polly looked about her, she was almost awed by the dazzling whiteness. The room was white enough for an angel, she thought. The straw matting was almost concealed by a mammoth rug made of white Japanese goatskins sewed together; the paint was like snow, and the furniture had all been painted white, save for the delicate silver lines that relieved it. There were soft, full curtains of white bunting fringed with something that looked like thistle-down, and the bedstead had an overhanging canopy of the same. An open fire burned in the little grate, and a big white-and-silver ratan chair was drawn cozily before it. There was a girlish dressing-table with its oval mirror draped in dotted muslin; a dainty writing-desk with everything convenient upon it; and in one corner was a low bookcase of white satinwood. On the top of this case lay a card, "With the best wishes of John Bird," and along the front of the upper shelf were painted these words: "Come, tell us a story!" Below this there was a rich array of good things. The Grimms, Laboulaye, and Hans Christian Andersen were all there. Charles Kingsley's "Water

Babies" jostled the "Seven Little Sisters" series; Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" lay close to Lamb's "Tales from Shakspeare," and Whit-tier's "Child Life in Prose and Poetry" stood between Mary Howitt's "Children's Year" and Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses."

Polly sat upon the floor before the bookcase and gloated over her new treasures, each of which bore her name on the fly-leaf.

As her eye rose to the vase of snowy pampas plumes and the pictured Madonna and Child above the bookcase, it wandered still higher until it met a blue-and-silver motto painted on a white frieze that finished the top of the walls where they met the ceiling.

Polly walked slowly round the room, studying the illuminated letters: "*And they laid the Pilgrim in an upper chamber, and the name of the chamber was Peace.*"

This brought the ready tears to Polly's eyes. "God seems to give me everything but what I want most," she thought; "but since He gives me so much, I must not question any more; I must not choose; I must believe that He wants me to be happy, after all, and I must begin and try to be good again."

She did try to be good. She came down to breakfast the next morning, announcing to Mrs. Bird, with her grateful morning kiss, that she meant to "live up to" her room. "But it's a frightfully perfect room," she confessed. "I shall not dare have a naughty thought in it; it seems as if it would be written somewhere on the whiteness!"

"You can come and be naughty in my bachelor den, Polly," said Mr. Bird, smilingly. "Mrs. Bird does n't waste any girlish frills and poetic decorations and mystical friezes on her poor brother-in-law! He is done up in muddy browns, as befits his age and sex."

Polly insisted on beginning her work the

very next afternoon; but she had strength only for three appointments a week, and Mrs. Bird looked doubtfully after her as she walked away from the house with a languid gait utterly unlike her old buoyant step.

suggestions and advice; for he was a student of literature in many languages, and delighted in bringing his treasures before so teachable a pupil.

"She has a sort of genius that astonishes me," said he one morning, as he chatted with Mrs. Bird over the breakfast-table.

Polly had excused herself and stood at the farther library window, gazing up the street vaguely and absently, as if she saw something beyond the hills and the bay. Mrs. Bird's heart sank a little as she looked at the slender figure in the black dress. There were no dimples about the sad mouth, and was it the dress, or was she not very white these latter days?—so white that her hair encircled her face with absolute glory and startled one with its color.

"It is a curious kind of gift," continued Mr. Bird, glancing at his morning papers. "She takes a long tale of Hans Andersen's, for instance, and after an hour or two, when she has his idea fully in mind, she shows

me how she proposes to tell it to the younger children at the Orphan Asylum. She clasps her hands over her knees, bends forward toward the firelight, and tells the story with such simplicity and earnestness that I am always glad she is looking the other way and cannot see the tears in my eyes. I cried like a school-girl last night over 'The Ugly Duckling.' She has the natural dramatic instinct, a great deal of facial expression, power of imitation, and an almost unerring taste in the choice of words



"POLLY GLOATED OVER HER NEW BOOKS."

Edgar often came in the evenings, as did Tom and Blanche Mills, and Milly Foster; but though Polly was cheerful and composed, she seldom broke into her old flights of nonsense.

On other nights, when they were alone, she prepared for her hours of story-telling, and in this she was wonderfully helped by Mr. Bird's

which is unusual in a girl so young and one who has been so imperfectly trained. I give her an old legend or some fragment of folk-lore, and straightway she dishes it up for me as if it had been bone of her bone and marrow of her marrow; she knows just what to leave out and what to put in, somehow. You had one of your happy inspirations about that girl, Margaret,—she is a born story-teller. She ought to wander about the country with a lute under her arm. Is the Olivers' house insured?"

"Good gracious! Jack, you have a kangaroo sort of mind! How did you leap to that subject? I'm sure I don't know, but what difference does it make, anyway?"

"A good deal of difference," he answered blandly, looking into the library (yes, Polly had gone out); "because the house, the furniture, and the stable were burned to the ground last night,—so the morning paper says."

Mrs. Bird rose and closed the doors. "That does seem too dreadful to be true," she said. "That poor child's one bit of property, her only stand-by in case of need! Oh, it can't be burned down; and, if it is, it *must* be insured. I'm afraid a second blow would break her down completely just now, when she has not recovered from the first."

Mr. Bird went out and telegraphed to Dr. George Edgerton:

Is Oliver house burned, and what was the amount of insurance, if any? Answer.

JOHN BIRD.

At four o'clock the reply came:

House and outbuildings burned. No insurance. Have written particulars. Nothing but piano and family portraits saved.

GEORGE EDGERTON.

In an hour another message, marked "Collect," followed the first one:

House burned last night. Defective flue. No carelessness on part of servants or family. Piano, portraits, ice-cream freezer, and wash-boiler saved by superhuman efforts of husband. Have you any instructions? Have taken to my bed. Accept love and sympathy.

CLEMENTINE CHADWICK GREENWOOD.

So it was true. The buildings were burned, and there was no insurance.

I know you will say there never is in stories where the heroine's courage is to be tested,

even if the narrator has to burn down a whole township to do it satisfactorily. But to this objection I can make only this answer: First, that this house did really burn down; second, that there really was no insurance; and third, if this combination of circumstances did not sometimes happen in real life, it would never occur to a story-teller to introduce it as a test for heroes and heroines.

"Well," said Mrs. Bird, despairingly, "Polly must be told. Now, will you do it, or shall I? Of course you want me to do it! Men never have any courage about these things, nor any tact either."

At this moment the subject of conversation walked into the room, hat and coat on and an unwonted color in her cheeks. Edgar Noble followed behind. Polly removed her hat and coat leisurely, sat down on a hassock on the hearth-rug, and ruffled her hair with the old familiar gesture, almost forgotten these latter days.

Mrs. Bird glanced warningly at the tell-tale yellow telegrams in Mr. Bird's lap, and strove to catch his eye and indicate to his dull masculine intelligence the necessity of hiding them at present.

This glance was too much for Polly's gravity. To their astonishment she burst into a peal of laughter.

"My lodging is on the cold, cold ground,
And hard, very hard is my fare!"

she sang, to the tune of "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms."—"So you know all about it, too?"

"How did you hear it?" gasped Mrs. Bird.

"I bought the evening paper to see if that lost child at the asylum had been found. Edgar jumped on the car, and seemed determined that I should not read the paper until I reached home. I knew then that something was wrong, but just what, was beyond my imagination, unless Jack Howard had been expelled from Harvard, or Bell Winship had been lost at sea on the way home; so I persisted in reading, and at last I found the fatal item. I don't know whether Edgar expected me to faint at sight! I'm not one of the fainting sort!"

"I'm relieved that you can take it so calmly. I have been shivering with dread all day, and Jack and I have been drawing lots as to which should break it to you."

"Break it to me!" echoed Polly, in superb disdain. "My dear Fairy Godmother, you must think me a weak sort of person! As if the burning down of one 'patrimonial estate' could shatter my nerves! What is a passing

"How was it that the house was not insured?" asked Mr. Bird.

"I'm sure I don't know. It was insured once upon a time, if I remember right; when it got uninsured I can't tell. How do things get uninsured, Mr. Bird?"

"The insurance lapses, of course, if the premium is n't regularly paid."

"Oh, that would account for it!" said Polly,



"SO YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, TOO?" SAID POLLY.

home or so? Let it burn, by all means, if it likes. 'He that is down need fear no fall.'"

"It is your only property," said Mr. Bird, trying to present the other side of the case properly, "and it was not insured."

"What of that?" she said briskly. "Am I not housed and fed like a princess at the present moment? Have I not two hundred and fifty dollars in the bank, and am I not earning twenty-five dollars a month with absolute regularity? Avaunt, cold Fear!"

easily. "There were quantities of things that were n't paid regularly, though they were always paid in course of time. You ought to have asked me if we were insured, Edgar,—you were the boy of the house,—insurance is n't a girl's department. Let me see the telegrams, please."

They all laughed heartily over Mrs. Greenwood's characteristic message.

"Think of 'Husband' bearing that aged ice-cream freezer and that leaky boiler to a place of safety!" exclaimed Polly. "All that was

left of them, left of six hundred!' Now, my family portraits, piano, freezer, and boiler will furnish a humble cot very nicely in my future spinster days. By the way, the land did n't burn up, I suppose, and that must be good for something, is n't it?"

"Rather," answered Edgar. "A corner lot on the best street in town, four blocks from the new hotel site! It's worth eighteen hundred or two thousand dollars, at least."

"Well, then, why do you worry about me, good people? I'm not a heroine. If I were sitting on the curbstone without a roof to my head, and did n't know where I should get my dinner, I should cry! But I smell my dinner" (here she sniffed pleasurably), "and I think it's chicken! You see, it's so difficult for me to realize that I'm a pauper, living here, a pampered darling, in the halls of wealth, with such a large income rolling up daily that I shall be a prey to fortune-hunters by the time I am twenty! Pshaw! don't worry about me! This is just the sort of diet I have been accustomed to from my infancy! I rather enjoy it!"

Whereupon Edgar recited an impromptu nonsense verse:

"There's a queer little maiden named Polly,
Who always knows when to be jolly.
When ruined by fire
Her spirits rise higher,
This most inconsistent Miss Polly."

CHAPTER XV.

THE CANDLE CALLED PATIENCE.

THE burning of the house completely prostrated Mrs. Clementine Churchill Chadwick Greenwood, who, it is true, had the actual shock of the conflagration to upset her nervous system, though she suffered no financial loss.

Mr. Greenwood was heard to remark that he wished he could have foreseen that the house would burn down, for now he should have to move anyway, and if he had known that a few months before, why—

Here the sentence always ended mysteriously, and the neighbors finished it as they liked.

The calamity affected Polly, on the other hand, very much like a tonic. She felt the necessity of "bracing" to meet the fresh responsibilities that seemed waiting for her in the

near future; and night and day, in sleeping and waking, in resting and working, a plan was formulating itself in the brain just roused from its six months' apathy,—a novel, astonishing, enchanting revolutionary plan, which she bided her time to disclose.

The opportunity came one evening after dinner when Mrs. Bird and her brother, Edgar and herself, were gathered in the library.

The library was a good place in which to disclose plans, or ask advice, or whisper confidences. The great carved-oak mantel held on the broad space above the blazing logs the graven motto, "*Esse Quod Opto*." The walls were lined with books from floor half-way to ceiling, and from the tops of the cases Plato, Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, and our own Emerson looked down with benignant wisdom. The table in the center was covered with a methodical litter of pamphlets and magazines, and a soft light came from the fire and from two tall, shaded lamps.

Mr. Bird, as was his wont, leaned back in his leather chair, puffing delicate rings of smoke into the air. Edgar sat by the center-table, idly playing with a paper-knife. Mrs. Bird sat in her low rocking-chair with a bit of fancy-work, and Polly, on the hearth-rug, was leaning cozily back against her Fairy Godmother's knees.

The clinging tendrils in Polly's nature, left hanging so helplessly when her mother was torn away, reached out more and more to wind themselves about lovely Mrs. Bird, who, notwithstanding her three manly sons, had a place in her heart left sadly vacant by the loss of her only daughter.

Polly broke one of the pleasant silences.

An open fire makes such delightful silences, if you ever noticed it! When you sit in a room without it, the gaps in the conversation make everybody seem dull; the last comer rises with embarrassment and thinks he must be going, and you wish that some one would say the next thing and keep the ball rolling. The open fire arranges all these little matters with a perfect tact and grace all its own. It is acknowledged to be the center of attraction, and the people gathered about it are only supernumeraries. It blazes and crackles and snaps cheerily, the logs break and fall, the coals glow and fade

and glow again, and the dull man can always poke the fire if his wit desert him. Who ever feels like telling a precious secret over a steam-heater?

Polly looked away from everybody and gazed straight into the blaze.

"I have been thinking over a plan for my future work," she said, "and I want to tell it to you and see if you all approve and think me equal to it. It used to come to me in flashes, after this Fairy Godmother of mine opened an avenue for my surplus energy by sending me out as a story-teller; but lately I have n't had any heart for it. Work grew monotonous and disagreeable and hopeless, and I'm afraid I had no wish to be useful or helpful to myself or to anybody else. But now everything is different. I am not so rich as I was (I wish, Mr. Bird, you would not smile so provokingly when I mention my riches!), and I must not be idle any longer; so this is my plan. I want to be a story-teller by profession. Perhaps you will say that nobody has ever done it; but surely that is an advantage. I should have the field to myself for a while at least. I have dear Mrs. Bird's little poor children as a foundation. Now, I would like to get groups of other children together in somebody's parlor twice a week and tell them stories—the older children one day in the week and the younger ones another. Of course I have n't thought out all the details, because I hoped my Fairy Godmother would help me there, if she approved of my plan; but I have ever so many afternoons all arranged, and enough stories and songs at my tongue's end for three months. Do you think it impossible or nonsensical, Mr. Bird?"

"No," said he, thoughtfully, after a moment's pause. "It seems on the first hearing to be perfectly feasible. In fact, in one sense it will not be an experiment at all. You have tried your powers, gained self-possession and command of your natural resources; developed your ingenuity,—learned the technicalities of your art, so to speak, already. You propose now, as I understand, to extend your usefulness, widen your sphere of action, address yourself to a larger public, and make a profession out of what was before only a side issue in your life. It's a new field, and it's a noble

one, taken in its highest aspect, as you have always taken it. My motto for you, Polly, is Goethe's couplet:

"What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it."

"Make way for the story-teller!" cried Edgar. "I will buy season tickets for both your groups, if you will only make your limit of age include me. I am only five feet ten, and I'll sit very low if you'll only admit me to the charmed circle. Shall you have a stage name? I would suggest 'The Seraphic Sapphira.'"

"Now, don't tease," said Polly, with dignity; "this is in sober earnest. What do you think, Fairy Godmother? I've written to my dear Miss Mary Denison in Santa Barbara, and she likes the idea."

"I think it is charming. In fact, I can hardly wait to begin. I will be your business manager, my Pollykins, and we'll make it a success if it is possible. If you'll take me into your confidence and tell me *what* you mean to do, I will plan the *hows* and *whens* and *wheres*."

"You see, dear people, it is really the only thing that I know how to do; and I have had several months' experience, so that I'm not entirely untrained. I'm not afraid any more, so long as it is only children; though the presence of one grown person makes me tongue-tied. Grown-up people don't know how to listen, somehow, and they make you more conscious of yourself. But when the children gaze up at you with their shining eyes and their parted lips,—the smiles just longing to be smiled and the tear-drops just waiting to glisten,—I don't know what there is about it, but it makes you wish you could go on forever and never break the spell. And it makes you tremble, too, for fear you should say anything wrong. You seem so close to children when you are telling them stories; just as if a little, little silken thread spun itself out from one side of your heart, through each of theirs, until it came back to be fastened in your own again; and it holds so tight, so tight, when you have done your best and the children are pleased and grateful."

For days after this discussion Polly felt as if

she were dwelling on a mysterious height from which she could see all the kingdoms of the earth. She said little and thought much (oh, that this should come to be written of Polly Oliver!). The past which she had regretted with such passionate fervor still fought for a place among present plans and future hopes. But she was almost convinced these days that a benevolent Power might after all be helping her to work out her "own salvation" in an appointed way, with occasional weariness and tears, like the rest of the world.

It was in such a softened mood that she sat alone in church one Sunday afternoon at vespers. She had chosen a place where she was sure of sitting quietly by herself, and where the rumble of the organ and the words of the service would come to her soothingly. The late afternoon sun shone through the stained-glass windows, bringing out the tender blue on the Virgin Mary's gown, the white on the wings of angels and robes of newborn innocents, the glow of rose and carmine, with here and there a glorious gleam of Tyrian purple. Then her eyes fell on a memorial window opposite her. A mother bowed with grief was seated on some steps of rough-hewn stones. The glory of her hair swept about her knees. Her arms were empty; her hands locked; her head bent. Above, a little child with hand just extended to open a great door which was about to uncloset and admit him. He reached up his hand fearlessly ("and that is faith," thought Polly), and at the same time he glanced down at his weeping mother, as if to say, "Look up, mother dear! I am safely in."

Just then the choir burst into a grand hymn which was new to Polly, and which came to her with the force of a personal message:

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar—
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

Verse after verse rang in splendid strength through the solemn aisles of the church, ending with the lines:

O God, to us may strength be given
To follow in His train!

Dr. George's voice came to Polly as it sounded that gray October afternoon beside the sea: "When the sun of one's happiness has set, one lights a little candle called Patience and guides one's steps by that."

She leaned her head on the pew in front of her, and breathed a prayer. The minister was praying for the rest of the people, but she needed to utter her own thought just then.

"Father in heaven, I have lighted my little candle. Help me to keep it burning! I shall stumble often in the darkness, I know, for it was all so clear when I could walk by my darling mother's light, which was like the sun, so bright, so pure, so steady! Help me to keep the little candle steady, so that it may

throw its beams farther and farther into the pathway that now looks so dim."

Polly sank to sleep that night in her white bed in the Pilgrim Chamber; and the name of the chamber was Peace indeed, for she had a smile on her lips,—a smile that looked as if the little candle had in truth been lighted in her soul, and were shining through her face as though it were a window.

(To be continued.)





IT should be an interesting fact to the readers of this magazine that one of Whittier's best-beloved poems was originally intended for a forerunner of *St. Nicholas*. When the publishers of one of the first juvenile periodicals, "Our Young Folks," were casting about for clever people to make strong their early numbers, John G. Whittier was one of the first to whom they made application; they asked him to write about his boy-life. Happening to be in the office of the publisher at the time, making arrangements for some illustrations, I heard much of the correspondence.

In response to another letter from Mr. James T. Fields about the contribution, the poet replied substantially, "Oh, the matter has grown beyond all bounds! Thee wanted twelve stanzas, and three times that are now written and the story has scarcely begun; and, moreover, I fear thee will not like it." Mr. Fields telegraphed, "Send it along and let me judge for myself." The next morning Mr. Fields thrust the first pages of "Snow-Bound" into my hand, remarking, "What do you think of that for a Christmas book? There is a picture in every line"; and truly it was so. The sheets were sent back with just eight words attached: "Make it as long as you can. Splendid!"

Two months later the poem was finished, and I was on my way to Amesbury for an interview

coolly, taking refuge behind his fierce eyebrows (the only thing fierce about him, by the way). After a few minutes' conversation, he advised me to walk to the top of a neighboring hill, and see the view, instead of "wasting my time" with him. Late in the day, on my way toward his house, I came upon a charming effect among the willows of Powow River. I blundered in upon the poet with enthusiastic exclamations concerning the river and the sunset sky. He made no reply, but his eyes flashed for a moment, and he handed me a volume, turning to a certain page and stanza, where I found almost word for word, the effect I had described to him. The ice was broken; we saw a little alike. And soon I found out what had disturbed his usual serenity.



WHITTIER'S HOME. THE HOUSE DESCRIBED IN THE POEM "SNOW-BOUND."

with the poet and to gather material in the locality for illustrations. I had never met Mr. Whittier, and with his usual shyness toward strangers he received me, as I thought, rather

It appeared that a talkative woman had invaded his study and read some of his own poems to him, and, after boring the poor man for two hours, had added the last straw by



OLD KITCHEN FIREPLACE IN THE WHITTIER HOUSE.

requesting a lock of his hair. This was too much for even him to endure. The old poet rose to his full height, stalked to the door, held it open, and solemnly remarked to the unfortunate visitor, "Madam, I should think thee could see I have none to spare!"

For some reason, he seemed very averse to my visiting his birthplace; probably its run-down condition troubled his loving memory.

"Thee can make a much better picture from thy imagination and the poem than by going there. Moreover, it is guarded by a dragon, and a very untidy dragon at that, and thee will not find the old fireplace that is described, but a modern Yankee cooking-stove, and a general commonplace air that will discourage thee."

I could only reply, "I am instructed by the publishers to go up to the old homestead and make sketches on the spot, and go I must."

Well, the place was not promising, although I keenly enjoyed scenting out the happy hunting-ground dear to every American boy to whom the poet appeals in his direct description of the fun when with

Mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,

We cut the solid whiteness through.
And where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel, walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.

And when I came upon the old well-sweep,
I remembered that

The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

The woman in charge, a foreigner, justified the poet's warning. It was very difficult to make her understand what I wanted. But, at last, after considerable parley, I succeeded in having that objectionable cooking-stove and fire-board removed; and to my joy there were the very cranes and hooks and chains that had helped to cook the dinners fifty years before; and it took but little imagination to fancy that between the andiron's straddling feet

The mug of cider simmered slow.

Being so far fortunate, I requested that I might go up garret, and see if I could find any

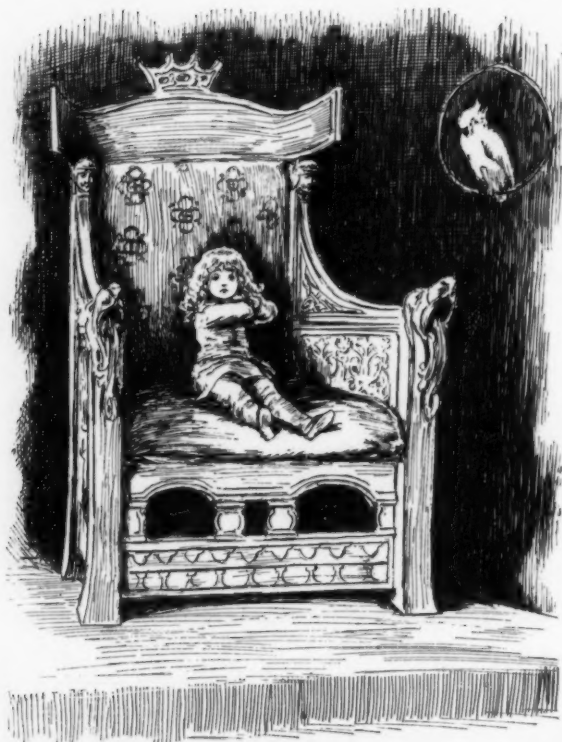
of the old furniture. This was strongly objected to, but finally I penetrated the dark and dusty old attic, and again to my joy found remnants of old spinning-wheels, chairs, and tables. These I carried down-stairs and propped up around the room; and then I went to work, getting a very fair sketch of the interior as it looked seventy-five years ago, when "The old rude-furnished room, burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom" by the hearth's light.

After working till nightfall, making several other sketches about the place, I returned to Amesbury, and found the poet in his study. His bright black eyes twinkled in the expectation of hearing of my discomfiture. I said not a word, but opened my sketch-book at the page illustrating the kitchen interior. The effect was startling; his face quivered; he started to

his feet, and hastened around the study table, the sketch-book in his hands, and the tears running down his cheeks, crying, "How did thee do it? how did thee do it? 'T is just as we knew it near a half-century ago!"

I need not say that during the week spent under his roof I became very intimate with the poet, and his sweet personality made an impression on me that will never be effaced. His pure and noble life was an ever present inspiration, and through all the intervening years of friendship this grand and simple-hearted man made those about him sensible of a benign influence,—as

The traveler owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.



WHAT THE LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAIN SAID.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

LITTLE Prince Carl he stole
away

From the gold-laced guard
and the powdered page,
And the ladies in waiting, who
night and day

Kept their bird in a gilded
cage.

Alone in the twilight gray and
dim,

He climbed on the carven
chair of state,

And there with a smile suffi-
ciently grim,

And a royal air, His High-
ness sate.

He folded his arms with a mighty mien,—
 Little Prince Carl, the son of a king,—
 But never an auditor was to be seen,
 Save the pea-green cockatoo, perched in his swing!

And rebellion shone in His Highness' eyes:
 "When I am a king full-grown," said he,
 "I fear there is going to be surprise
 At some of the things this court shall see!



"I COMMAND YOU TO JUMP WHEREVER YOU GO!"

"With the Dowager Duchess I shall begin;
 When I say, 'Stand forth!' she shall bow her low.
 'For me to jump you have said was a sin;
 I command *you* to jump wherever you go!"

"The Court Physician I next shall take:
 'And you, I hear, have declared it best
 That I, your monarch, shall not eat cake,—
Plum-cake, too, of the very best!—

"Well, *you* are to eat a gallon of rice,
 And nothing besides, for every meal;



"SO YOU ARE TO EAT A GALLON OF RICE."

I am sure 't is quite "wholesome," "nourishing," "nice,"
But I know quite well just how you feel!"

"Now let the Lord Chamberlain have a care!"

His Highness' voice took a terrible ring;
He rumbled his curls of yellow hair,
And the pea-green cockatoo shook in its swing!

"Down! Get down on your knocking knees,
Down with your smile and your snuff-box, too!"
I will thunder, 'and now 't is time, if you please,
To settle an old, old score with you!



"DOWN! GET DOWN ON YOUR KNOCKING KNEES!"

"What became of those three white mice
That crept from the royal nursery door,
After you said if they did it twice
They should never be heard of any more?

"*I know, for I heard the little one squeak!*
And I ran and stopped my ears up tight.
You need not squirm, and you need not speak,
For your fate shall be settled this very night.

"In the darkest depths of the dungeon lone
You are to live; but do not fear,
For company livelier than your own
You shall have three million mice a year!"

The little Prince clapped his hands in glee,
And laughed aloud at this fancying,—
Oh, a rare and a wonderful monarch he!—
And the pea-green cockatoo hopped in its swing:

When out of the twilight a slow voice rolled;
There stood the High Chamberlain, stern, who said:
"I regret to state that I've just been told
It is time for Your Highness to go to bed!"

And lo! not a word did His Highness say!—
He went at once, like the son of a king.
But his bright curls drooped as he walked away,
And the cockatoo's head went under its wing.



THE WHITE CAVE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Began in the November number.*]

CHAPTER IX.

THE LITTLE VOLCANO.

THE first to escape from doubts and difficulties, that morning, was the little blackfellow; for he found the spot where his friends had eaten their barbecue and danced their corroboree. He also found some kangaroo bones, but more important to him were half a dozen of the gum-tree roots, for he was thirsty.

All his anxiety was now gone, for he could follow the trail of the party. He at once set out vigorously, and it was well for him that his tremendous budget of news did not weigh anything.

Perhaps the next to discover something new were the pair of white boys. They had been wondering, for half a mile, at Beard's easy strength as he strode along under the weight of a big kangaroo upon his shoulder. At length he put it down upon the grass, and remarked, "Here we are, boys. We are safe now. I'll put you into my house, and shut the door after you, and then even blackfellows can't find you."

"It's the biggest tree I ever saw, but I don't see any house," Ned remarked.

"It's the biggest house you ever saw, too," said Beard, "and the deepest cellar, and highest and steepest roof. It will hold plenty of people, too, after they once get in. But the front door's a little narrow. Wait until you see the back door, though."

Hugh stared up at the dizzy height of the tree and searched among the rocks and bushes.

"Where is the door?" he asked.

"Can't you see it?" said Beard. "Follow me, and I'll unlock it for you."

He led them a few steps farther through the bushes, and they found themselves in a hollow between two gnarled roots of the tree. Behind

and over them was a dense green cover of vines and branches and tall weeds; and in front of them was the rugged face of the bark, with a large flat stone leaning against it.

Beard moved the stone, took out a wide piece of bark, and then they saw a hole.

"That's the door," said Beard. "I'll go in and you follow me. Then I'll come out and bring in this kangaroo, and go back after the other. Then I can close up the house."

He crept in on all-fours.

"I carry my things in on my back," he said,—"game, and coal, and wood, and everything. I have to go some distance for my coal."

Hugh went down on all-fours and followed Beard. Ned imitated them. They did not say a word until Beard remarked:

"There, boys, I've found a torch. Have you matches? Give me one." In a moment more there was a blaze, and they began to see about them.

"Hugh," exclaimed Ned, "look at the stalactites and stalagmites! It is a cave, and like some we have in America. What a splendid house to live in!"

"Did n't I tell you so?" said Beard, "and it's the biggest house you ever saw. When I was here last, I brought in heaps and heaps of wood and coal, chiefly because I'd nothing else to do. We'll light a fire in the fireplace, and then we'll go and hang the meat in my refrigerator, so that it will keep. If we don't, it'll spoil soon in this hot December weather."

"Your refrigerator?" said Hugh. "Oh, isn't this jolly! Come on, Ned, I want to see the cave."

Beard went back after the kangaroos, and before his return they had plenty of time to kindle the fire in the fireplace he had pointed out, and then to examine all the splendid whiteness. They had very little to say. There was so much of it to see that they could not pick

out the right words to tell how it looked. They piled wood upon the fire, excusing themselves by promising they would bring in more for him, and every fresh knot which kindled brightly showed them something new and beautiful.

"Now, boys," said Beard, when he came back, "you shall see the refrigerator, and then I'll go out and scout a little. Pick up that rope and bring it with you. Take the torch, too. Go ahead, Ned."

Ned walked on in advance, carrying the torch, in the direction of a mysterious crash and roar they had been puzzling over ever since they entered the cave.

"I've read about such things," said Ned, as Beard explained the chasm and the torrent. "They seem to have them in all the big caves. I wonder if there are any fish in this one. Sometimes there are blind fish."

"I never tried for any fish," said Beard; "but if you hang meat far down in the depths there, it will almost freeze. There's always a draft of air and a spray of water, making a continual evaporation. It's a regular freezing process."

Beard slung the kangaroo carefully over the edge, and let it down.

"There," said he, "I'll go back for the other. We mustn't waste any provisions."

He was not long in returning with his second load.

"Boys," he remarked, as he put it down, "we were only just in time. I heard one of those land-pirates 'coo-ee-e' just as I was picking up the kangaroo."

"What do you mean by 'pirates'?" asked Ned.

"Land-pirates," replied Beard with emphasis, "They may be old convicts, but I don't know. They are robbers, anyhow, of the worst kind."

"We've had any number of our sheep stolen," said Hugh, "but not from the pastures that extend this way."

"This way?" exclaimed Beard. "Why, you are nowhere near any of your land; you've been getting away from it. You could n't get back to the edge of it in three days' travel, if you did your best."

"This makes seven days since we came out,—a whole week!" said Hugh. "Oh, if I only knew where the rest of the party are!"

"I'll find them for you," said Beard; "but I want two or three of Ka-kak-kia's blackfellows to help me, if I can get them."

"Can you trust them?" asked Ned.

"Trust them? No!" replied Beard promptly. "But they'll do anything for plenty to eat and drink; and if your party is strong, they will be afraid of it. I don't know how it is, but I've been safe among them, year after year. That is—pretty safe. They try to kill me, every now and then; and after they fail we make up."

"They are a queer people," said Ned.

"They are not like any other," said Beard. "But we will hang this second kangaroo in the refrigerator, and then I'll go out and see what those fellows are doing."

The game was attended to, and then the boys followed him almost to his front door as he went out.

"You stay right here," said Beard, as he left them, "unless I am gone too long. I won't be long, unless something happens to me."

The boys felt they were wonderfully well hidden. Nobody, except Beard, knew where they were. In fact, their party did not know just where they themselves were.

The six men who had lost their coffee-pot, and were hunting Beard and his nuggets, threaded the woods, occasionally coo-ee-e-ing to each other, to keep from getting too widely separated. At last one pair of them stumbled upon so sudden a surprise that the shouts they gave made the woods ring. Not many minutes later, all six had collected around the remains of the boys' deserted camp-fire, and were staring at the marks upon the ground, and at the water-fall.

"Boys," said Jim, "he's got somebody with him,—fellows with boots on. He was barefooted himself. Now we've got to move carefully." The man called Bill remarked:

"What beats me is, who can it be that's with him? Why, he dares n't go into any settlement—he'd be hung as sure as they caught him. That's what makes it safe for us to go after him."

"We'll track him right along now, anyway," said Jim. "We've struck his trail."

At that very moment there were morning visitors in the camp which the robbers had left

unguarded, at the foot of the great stump, for Ka-kak-kia and his five followers had stumbled upon something entirely unexpected in their search among the woods. They were looking

hunters work their way in. But immediately after they discovered that the camp was unguarded, they were gathered around its smoldering fire. They jabbered for a few minutes,



THE BOYS EXPLORE THE WHITE CAVE.

for a pair of white fellows, and now, instead of them, they had discovered the trails of three times as many other white fellows and of a lot of horses. Slowly and cautiously did the black

and then, as if with one accord, they became silent, for they had decided what to do. Horses they did not want, and there was little else to take, excepting a kettle, two frying-pans,

some blankets, and the provisions. Beard's six enemies were not men who would bring a needless article with them, even if they had owned one. The blackfellows themselves, expecting to be pursued, took only what they could handily carry. They made short work of it, and then seemed to vanish, so suddenly did they slip away. Meanwhile the white robbers finished their visit to the camp by the waterfall, and once more pushed on, following the trail of the horses. They moved silently and with caution, feeling sure that their prey was at hand. They passed the jungle in which Beard had hidden the saddles and bridles, to the point where the hoof-marks ceased upon the rocky level. Here they turned and went up the rugged hillside, expecting every moment to discover some sign of a human habitation.

"Boys!" suddenly exclaimed Bill. "Lie low! See the smoke!"

"Smoke?" exclaimed his companions, and they hid themselves.

"That must be from his fire," said Jim. "He 's there. We 've got him this time — nuggets and all!"

They worked their way forward with watchful, feverish eagerness. There was indeed a column of blue smoke arising above the ledges ahead of them, and there must needs be a fire; and a fire must be a sure tell-tale of the hands which kindled it.

They were by no means in error. Nevertheless, they drew nearer and nearer to that smoke cloud without discovering any chimney.

"He must be there, somewhere," said one of them, as he stealthily looked out from behind a shattered boulder. "I can't see any sign of a cabin, though. Hullo!"

He stepped out and walked forward, followed by his party, all with their eyes and mouths opening in wonder.

"Volcany!" exclaimed Bill. "Did you know there was any volcanies round here? I never heard of any."

"It 's a volcano!" said another. "No mistake about that."

"Smells like pine-wood, too," said Jim. "It 's a pitch-burnin' volcano. I 've heard tell of such."

The smoke came hotly up through a crev-

ice in one of the ledges. It seemed to be carried by a strong draft, as if through a natural chimney.

"I say, boys," remarked Jim, "when I first saw that smoke, I was just sure we 'd found his house."

They stood around that puzzle, and then they gave it up, and climbed down again to take another hunt for the lost trail. They had a great deal to say about volcanoes, as they went, until they changed the subject, and then they spoke of big trees. Several declared that they had seen taller trees than one they were approaching. Then each added that he was n't quite sure, and he 'd take a closer look at it.

They went closer, and they looked, and wondered, and they argued about what they had done and were going to do.

The bushes at the foot of the tree were thick, and made a good place for six warm, tired men to sit down and talk. It was shady, and just behind them there was a curious crack in the bark of the tree, between two of its roots, and behind the crack there were two faint whispers.

"Hush-sh, Hugh! It is lucky we did n't try to get out any sooner."

"Listen, Ned! We can find out all about them. Hear that?"

Hugh and Ned heard the conclusion of their conference.

"Come on, boys," said Jim. "We 're on the right track, anyhow. Let 's go back to camp and get our horses and truck, and then make another search here. He is n't far away, now. We can settle the two fellers with him easy enough."

Ned and Hugh nudged each other as they heard that. The others agreed with Jim. Then they arose and walked away.

After they were at a safe distance, the bark door opened entirely, and the two boys crept out.

"Hugh," said Ned, "I 'm glad to see daylight again. I just could n't stay cooped up there any longer!"

"It did seem an awful long time," said Hugh. "I wish I knew what 's become of Beard. What has kept him away so long?"

"I hope nothing 's happened to him," said Ned. "Did you hear those fellows say that

they 'd found the place where the smoke gets out?"

"Boys," said a deep voice behind them, that startled them tremendously, "I 'm glad you heard what those pirates had to say. Tell me all about it. There are lots of blackfellows in the woods, and I had to get home through the side door. I found you 'd come out this way."

"The side door?" exclaimed Hugh. "I did n't know there was any."

"Yes, there is," replied Beard; "but I 'm not sure that you and I will ever get out alive though any sort of door."

CHAPTER X.

A SPEAR AND A BUCKSHOT.

SIR FREDERICK PARRY was an exceedingly prosperous man. He was a baronet; a gentleman of high rank; educated; accomplished; very good-looking. He owned estates in England, and he had a fine sheep-farm in Australia, with a remarkable farm-house in the middle of it. But he was also a wretchedly miserable person. He was pale at one moment and very red-faced the next, as his thoughts came and went; and he was savagely out of temper all the time.

"It is of no use!" he muttered hoarsely. "I 'm too sick at heart to coo-ee-e any more. Where can my wife be?"

At that moment something flashed closely past his head, making a buzzing sound as it went; but it was not an insect nor a bird, and the baronet spurred his horse forward with a quick, fierce exclamation.

"A spear!" he exclaimed. "The blackfellows!"

No second spear followed, and Sir Frederick drew his rein hard, as he looked back and saw a gaunt, black shape bounding along among the trees. The baronet had a shot-gun with him, and he must have been accustomed to shooting from the saddle, for up it came to his shoulder. Out rang a loud report, and a shower of buckshot pattered sharply all around the bounding blackfellow.

"It was long range," said Sir Frederick, "and they scattered; but I touched him."

For the savage had dropped upon the ground, and was holding up one of his feet to look at it. A solitary buckshot, nearly spent, had struck a little above the big-toe joint. It was not at all a dangerous hurt, but for a while there could be no more bounding or fast running upon that foot. The blackfellow rubbed the foot, and chattered angrily as he did so. Sir Frederick watched him for a moment, but did not lift his gun again.

"I hope that will be enough," he said, as he once more rode forward.

The necessity of keeping a lookout for spears and other missiles gave him something to occupy his mind. He carefully reloaded his gun. "If they follow me," he said, "they may be less likely to find Maude."

In another part of the forest, his wife was wandering aimlessly. She was very pale, and her horse looked as if she must have ridden rapidly in her fruitless efforts to find her husband. She herself took notice of his condition, and in a moment more she halted him.

"He ought to have water," she said. "I 've been almost cruel to him. I 'll dismount and let him rest, if I can find a place that looks safe."

It was not difficult to pick out a grassy hollow bordered by dense thickets, and Lady Parry dismounted. She gathered up the long skirt of her riding-habit, and walked on for a few paces, and then suddenly sank upon the ground between two of the bushes.

"Blackfellows!" she whispered. "Oh, I hope they have n't seen me!"

They had not seen her, because they were gazing intently in another direction. They were stealthily moving away from her, for they had passed through the very thicket where she was now lying.

"Poor Helen!" she murmured, as she looked out at the receding forms of the blackfellows. "I hope she has found her way back into the camp."

Helen Gordon's light-footed pony had only carried her farther and farther away from it, in zigzag paths that were but bewildered wanderings.

"I 'm so thirsty," she said at last; "and Nap

must be as thirsty as I am. Where can we be! Oh, if I could see somebody!"

It was only a minute or so before her lips opened again, and this time it was in almost joyful exclamation.

"The river!" she shouted. "We can drink, and the camp can't be far away. Hurrah!"

She dismounted, stooped, and drank from her hand until her thirst was gone. Then she led her pony to the water's edge. All the while, however, a thoughtful shadow overcast her face.

"The camp is on the bank of the river," she said. "That 's sure; but am I above it or below it? Ought I to go up-stream or down-stream? I have n't the least idea; and if I go wrong, I shall only be riding further away. What shall I do?"

She sat down in the shade of a tree to think, while Nap found a very good dinner for himself growing all around him.

Beard stood with the boys under the great tree. He made them repeat to him all they had overheard.

"Volcano?" he said, half laughing. "It 's all right, though. The smoke goes out there, but it can't tell tales that will do any harm. They can't get in by that way, and they can't find any other, unless we get careless and help them. I think very likely they have found your old camp by the waterfall, and have gone back there. It 's a good spot for a camp."

"Mr. Beard," exclaimed Hugh, "I hardly know in what direction that is from here. Where does that river run to, from that place? What 's the nearest road to it from here?"

"Where does it run to?" replied the cave-man. "Why, it wanders off among the mountains, I don't know where. It runs all around this mountain. You can reach it that way, below, as well as by going back to the waterfall. Your father's party must be somewhere below there."

"I wish I could find them," said Hugh.

"We must be careful," said Beard. "We 're in a bend of the river, with the mountains behind us, in the bend, and the forest in front of us. We 're sure that your father is n't up-stream."

"How?" asked Hugh. "I 'm all mixed up. How are we sure?"

"Because," said Beard, "water does n't run up-hill. The Grampians is lower than this mountain country. He has n't crossed the water, and he has n't crossed the mountain-range. There 's only one pass through the range, and it 's the one those robbers followed. We 'll eat dinner now; and then I 'm going to scout up toward their camp and know what they 're doing. This will be an exciting day, if I 'm not mistaken. Don't you feel hungry?"

They crept quickly in; Beard followed and closed the door behind him, and in a few minutes more the infant volcano, away up at the chimney-top on the mountain-side, was puffing smoke at a great rate.

Beard seemed disposed to eat very rapidly, as if he had important work before him. Soon he said:

"I must know what they 're doing. When you go out, shut up the door tightly and don't go far. Keep under cover, too."

"All right," said Ned, as the cave-man picked up his rifle and strode away.

"Ned," asked Hugh, "do you know any more about all that geography than you did before he explained it?"

"Not much," said Ned, thoughtfully. "I know there 's a bend in the river and another in the mountain, and the cave is in the bend, and the river does n't run up-stream."

"That 's all I know," said Hugh. "It 's mixed; but here we are, and he says that father's camp must be below, and he thinks he can find it. I hope he can."

"He means to try it to-night, if he finds the woods clear enough," said Ned, holding out another chop to the fire.

No sooner had the white rascals regained their camp, than they saw something was wrong.

"Boys!" shouted Jim, the instant he walked in and looked around him. "Somebody 's been here!"

"The horses are all right," shouted a man who had gone to look for them.

"Horses!" exclaimed another. "We can't eat horses! Where 's the bacon?"

The bacon was hunted after in vain, and so were other articles upon which they had relied for dinner. They soon gave up trying to express their feelings about it.

"We've got to find that fellow, and find him right away," said Jim; "but first we must change camp, and then hunt game or starve."

"No, we won't," said Bill. "We kin ketch fish. We won't starve. We'll git the nuggets, too, if we're not speared by the blackfellows."

Bob McCracken, and the other men belonging to the camp of Sir Frederick Parry, rode into it again to cook and eat their dinner; but they were a crestfallen company, and even the horses they dismounted from had a jaded look. So had Yip and the two hounds.

"There's no use denying it," said Bob, as he poured out four cups of the coffee he had made, "Sir Frederick's lost himself, just as those two young fellers lost themselves, and



"HELEN SAT DOWN IN THE SHADE OF A TREE TO THINK."

"The blackfellows will never come near such a crowd as this, if we keep together," said another man confidently.

But even as he spoke, a pair of dark, searching eyes were watching him through a tangle of thick vines, and Ka-kak-kia was remarking in his own tongue:

"Too many rifles. Kill blackfellows by day. Can't kill so well with rifles after dark. Wait till night. Then blackfellows have a chance to spear them." He said something more about waddy-clubs and their uses, but he lay very still while the white fellows saddled their horses and mounted, and dolefully rode away.

her leddyship's gone off and lost herself, and whether she's got the young leddy with her or Sir Frederick, there's no telling."

"Bob," groaned Marsh, the driver of the mule-team, "we're as much lost as any of 'em — excepting that we've got enough to eat and drink."

"You're not a leddy!" exclaimed Bob. "Think of that! Don't I wish her leddyship and Miss Helen had a cup of this coffee!"

It was a curious time; so many different parties, dodging around in those woods, each group of persons ignorant of where the others were, and of what they were doing.

"Ned," said Hugh, as soon as they had finished their dinner, "I'm puzzled about that side door; where is it, and how did he get in?"

"We'd be likely to get lost in the cave, or to break our necks, if we tried to find out," said Ned. "Let's do as he said, and go out and look around."

Hugh agreed to that, and they started; but both found much to say about the wonders of the place they were in.

"Beard must have been burrowing like a woodchuck, when he found it," remarked Ned, as he crept out into the open air.

"I can't guess how he did it," replied Hugh; and then he turned to fit the bark slab into its place.

They had an idea of the direction in which Beard had gone, and they quickly decided about their own.

"We can't stay here, doing nothing," said Ned; "and we might find some of our folks. Let's each take a separate track. We must n't go too far, and we can be back in an hour or so. Beard may be here by that time. What do you say?"

"All right," said Hugh. "But remember what he said about keeping well under cover. I'll go this way."

So the American boy slipped away in one direction, and the English boy in another, each with his heart beating, his fingers tingling, and his eyes watching keenly every sight and sound of the luxuriant "bush" around him.

Two or three miles beyond them, there was a very remarkable meeting at about that hour. A tall blackfellow, with a handful of sticks, was limping along painfully on his left foot, to which something had happened, when there came running to catch up with him a black boy who had picked up an old dry branch for the sake of having a stick to carry.

No white man could have understood the quick rattle of hard words which followed; but the man was the boy's father, and they were both intensely interested.

All the while the wounded father limped on-

ward. Fast walking was impossible, however, and at last he consented to sit down, while his son and heir (heir to all the sticks he owned) once more pushed forward, alone, to tell his story to the other blackfellows—and a very proud boy was he.

They, at least, would soon have news concerning other people, and perhaps they would know what to do with it; but the four white fellows in Sir Frederick's camp grew more and more troubled over the sad fact that they had no news whatever.

They sat around and rested for a while after dinner, and let their horses crop the grass; but at last Bob McCracken sprang to his feet, exclaiming loudly, "I can't stay here! Call the dogs, and we will go out for another hunt after Sir Frederick and the leddies."

Every man of them shouted a ready assent, and they called the dogs. "Yip, Yip! Pomp! Caesar!" They called and called, but there was no response. They searched all around the camp, but not a dog was to be found, and the four men stood still at last, and looked at one another.

"I've heard of such things," groaned Marsh. "The blackfellows have stolen 'em!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Bob. "It's that dog Yip. He's scented something, and he's led off the two hounds to hunt it up. He'll get them all lost in the woods—and what'll Sir Frederick say to that?"

"I don't know," said Brand. "He set great store by those dogs. It's no fault of ours, anyhow."

Yip and the hounds had indeed seemed to hold a conference after eating dinner. They had then gone to the river and lapped water. They had listened to the talk of the four men, and they had whined and yawned, and Yip had barked once or twice. Then he had worried hither and thither in the outskirts of the camp for some minutes, and had given a small, suppressed yelp. The hounds came to him at once, and when he trotted off into the woods, they followed him.

(To be continued.)

YOU.

BY NICHOLAS E. CROSBY.

THE Chinaman praiseth his T's,
The mandarin praiseth his Q,
The gardener praiseth his turnips and P's,
But I praise U.

The mariner loveth the C's,
The billiardist loveth his Q,
The husbandman loveth his cattle and B's,
But I love U.

The foolish have need of the Y's,
The actor needeth his Q,
The pilot hath need of two excellent I's,
But I need U.

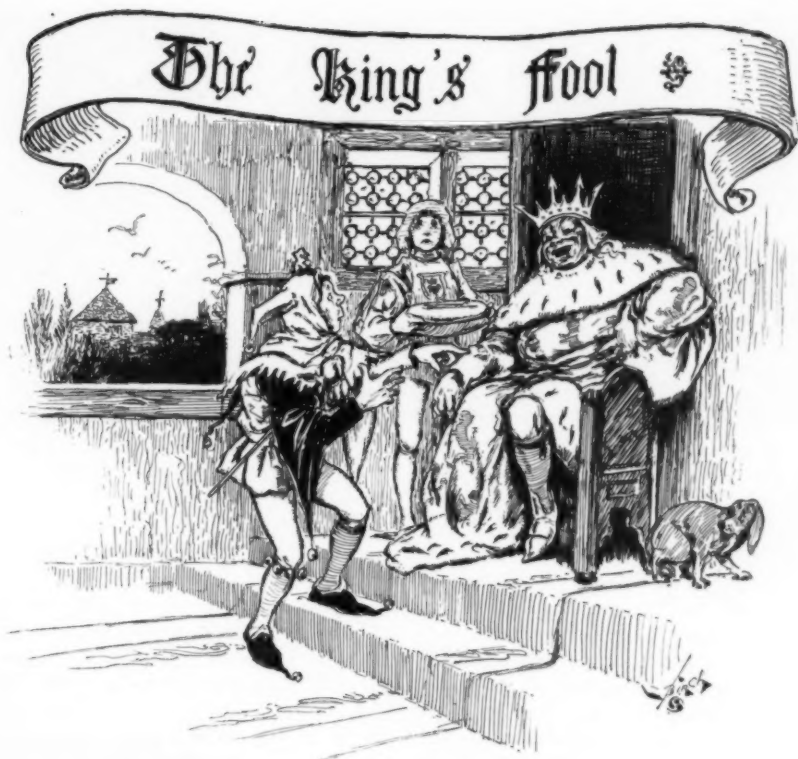
The hunter seeketh the J's,
The shepherd seeketh his U;
The college boys seek their final "B-A's,"
But I C Q.



TEACHER: First class in Catchology, rise. Miss Pussy, you will please solve the following problem: Suppose a mouse were running in an oblique line, B D; suppose you had jumped in a parabolic curve and had missed him, the animal keeping on in an oblique line; what would you do next?

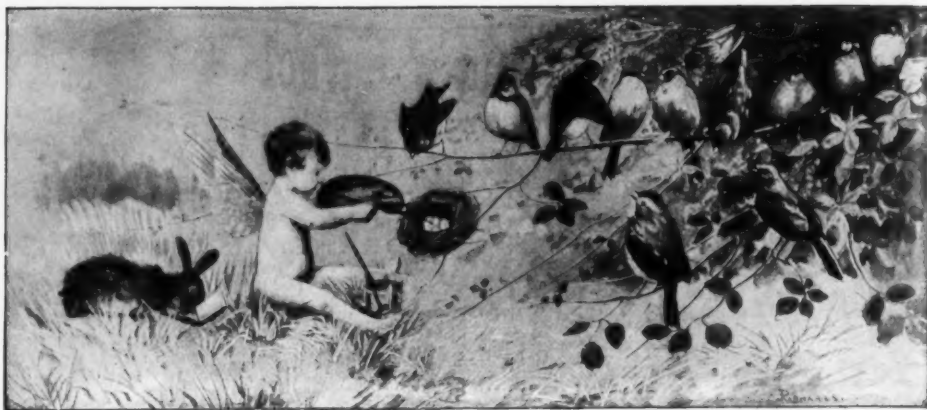
MISS PUSSY: I would jump in another parabolic curve and catch him at D.

TEACHER: Quite correct.



he fool kept by the King
 Was quite a stupid bore,
 Although, at everything,
 His Majesty would roar
 "There's nothing in his chaff"
 Said he "to cause me mirth,
 But still I have to laugh"
 "To get my money's worth"





EASTER MORNING.

THE LITTLE SERVANTS OF THE SEA.

BY ALICE W. ROLLINS.



ILDLY flew the snowflakes. They were gathering into great clans. They clung together in strong and beautiful clouds, and then began moving slowly northward across the cool gray sky. Not very long before, they had been little blue drops of water in a tropic sea. But one day the sun sent down from the sky long, slender little ladders of sunbeams, and the pretty blue drops began climbing up, up into the sky, and there they received new gowns, not blue any longer, but gray, of filmy gauze.

Then they found themselves sailing across the sky in the large gray clouds, and as they went farther and farther north, it grew colder and colder; but Nature kept watch of them always, like a thoughtful mother, and as it grew colder

she changed their pretty gowns of gray gauze, this time into soft white wool that was very warm and comfortable; for although you and I think the snow is very cold, it is really like a thick warm blanket over the earth in winter, and protects the roots of the flowers and the grass, and keeps them safe and warm underground until it is safe and warm for them overhead.

So the many little drops of water clinging together in the great cloud were quite comfortable and happy, wrapped in their white wool; but after a while they grew tired of the sky.

Very, very far to the north they had traveled now, and one day a great storm-cloud let down little silvery ropes of mist to the sea, and although they were not quite so tempting as the golden sun-ladders that the little drops had climbed up by, they seized the opportunity and slid down and down on the mist, and fell at last on what seemed like a big bed of ice.

It was not really ice, but was made of snowflakes, like themselves, that had been falling from the sky for years and years, and had grown quite stiff and almost like ice from lying still so long, and being constantly pressed closer and closer together, as more and more snowflakes kept falling from the sky. At last the bed of snowflakes that had turned into something no longer soft, and yet not quite like ice,—more, perhaps, like chalk,—was more than a thousand feet thick. It was called a "glacier"; and it is not quite true that it was so stiff because the solid snowflakes had lain still so long, for the glacier did move a little—a very, very little—every day; and if it kept on so patiently, although so slowly, in fifty or a hundred years the little snowflakes we have been following would reach the sea again,—not their own blue tropic sea that they remembered so lovingly, but a gray cold sea. And yet they had heard such wonderful stories of the adventures that befell the icebergs which drifted off from the glacier as soon as it reached the sea, that our little flakes were not at all frightened, and, grown quite experienced now from so much travel, were only curious to find out what would happen to themselves.

They knew that somewhere, very far to the south, even this cold gray sea melted into the warm bright one of the tropics; and although they had enjoyed the experience of finding themselves cool and white, they were quite ready now to become once more blue and warm. They thought they had done their share of the glacier's work, for they had been now in the cold arctic regions for several hundred years (which I am sure you will acknowledge is a long time to wait for anything). Every day they slid a little farther down the long, gradual slope that led from the mountains to the sea, but there was some difficulty in moving even as little as they did, because all the snowflakes compressed in the big glacier could not move equally fast. Those that had fallen last from the sky, and so were on top of all the rest, could, of course, move along faster than the others, many of whom were a thousand feet below the surface. When the sun shone, though it was not a very hot sun in that cold northern country, it would turn the

little flakes on top, that had become almost like ice, into drops of water again, and then they could slip along quite easily for a few feet, perhaps.

But at night, when the sun disappeared and it was very cold again, they, too, would turn cold again and freeze hard to the icy bed beneath them; while those too far below the surface to feel the sun at all, even in the daytime, had to creep along as best they could, helped by the fact that their way to the sea was of course a little sloping and a little slippery, and by being constantly pressed on all sides by their millions of companions, all equally eager for the sea, but not all equally able to travel.

Those that were near the edges of the glacier, for instance, could not move as fast as those in the middle. There were stones and all sorts of rubbish along the sides of the glacier, that those on the edges had to contend against. Sometimes they could manage only by carrying all the stones and rubbish along, too; all of which took up still more time. So once in a while those that were kept back grew very impatient, and suddenly there would be a grand quarrel, and all the compressed snowflakes that had been keeping so close together would separate, and a great crevice, or *crevasse*, or gulf, would appear between them, so that the whole glacier would be badly scarred with the signs of their disturbances; but, on the whole, they all kept moving a little, steadily down to the sea that was still so far away.

Every day, from the part of the glacier that had reached the sea, great blocks in the form of tall peaks would break away into icebergs that plunged headlong into the tempting ocean, and then, coming to the surface after their quick bath, went sailing off by themselves in search of new adventures. None of them, however, ever came back to tell what their adventures had been, unless they had sailed far enough to the south to melt quite away again into drops of water that again climbed into the sky on golden ladders of the sun, and again floated northward on the big clouds, and again had fallen into the glacier far up among the mountains, and again patiently worked their way to the gray ocean. Several millions of the

little compressed snowflakes, that were companions of those we have been following, had been through this experience, and they told the others very thrilling stories of meeting great steamers on their way to Europe, thronged with people going for a long vacation.

One day, while our snowflakes were listening to one of these stories, they caught a glimpse of the sea they had longed for. In another moment a tall peak of the glacier, in the middle

glacier. This was not a steamer going to Europe (for our snowflakes had been on the Pacific coast, far away to the north), but it was a steamer whose deck was crowded with people who had come up to Alaska just on purpose to see the snow and ice and icebergs and glaciers.

This was certainly very interesting, and one small block of ice that had broken away from the rest felt very proud when a boat was lowered from the ship and came swiftly toward it,



THE GREAT GLACIER.

of which they happened to be, broke away from the rest with a loud boom like that of a cannon, plunged into the water, and rose to the surface refreshed and brightened by the bath, and ready to start off on a little trip all by itself in search of adventures farther south.

But sometimes adventures come to us when least expected, and although they had hoped some time to meet one of those great steamers laden with happy people going to Europe, they were astonished to find at once a steamer quite near them, waiting close to the edge of the

evidently meaning to secure it as a prize. Think of it! They had only expected to meet a steamer and to look at it, but now they were really to go on board of it and sail away much faster than they could have gone all by themselves.

Very soon, indeed, they were hoisted up to the deck, but they were a little disappointed not to be left there among the passengers, who were admiring the icebergs and the glacier so much—for the great block of ice was swung down into the hold just as if it had been merely

a piece of luggage. However, the snowflakes in the block thought they would not mind being shut up in the dark awhile if only they were carried a little more quickly south, south, south, to the beautiful warm blue tropic sea that they were homesick for. How proud the blue ocean down by the equator would be to welcome them back and hear all their adventures! And how glad they would be to throw off all their white wool and become again just little, gentle, soft, gliding drops of water that could slip along and dance with the wind and waves so much more easily than they had moved when shut up in the cold glacier.

But again they were surprised. Suddenly, just before dinner was to be served to the passengers in the cabin, a steward came along with a heavy ax, and began separating the block into small pieces. They heard him say that the little boys on board had begged the captain to give them ice-cream for dinner, and so he was cutting the ice to pack into the freezer that held a very nice custard which was to be frozen hard for the little boys' dessert. It was rather a trying thought that the ice had come all this distance and been united all these years, just at last to be cut up in little bits and mixed with some salt, and packed into a big bucket round a tin pail full of custard that was to be whirled round, and round, and round in it until they were all quite dizzy!

That is one of the queer things of life—that everything is always wishing it were something else. Here was this beautiful soft smooth custard, longing to become a little yellow glacier, hard, and cold, and stiff; while the little bit of a glacier from the mountains was longing to melt into soft liquid drops again. And each had its wish, and, strange to say, helped the other to its wish just by having its own. The ice melted, and becoming colder still as it melted with the salt, turned the custard into a hard smooth block that was carried in to the captain's table and made the little boys smile with delight. Then suddenly the melted ice was all poured over the ship's side into the sea, and the little drops, dancing with joy to be at home again, went whirling along in the great ocean currents that carried them so much faster than the glacier could.

On, and on, and on they floated, till at last they did reach the blue tropic sea from which they had started. Oh, how happy they were to be there again! But how much there is in habit! They had supposed they would never care to wander away again, if once they found themselves back in the blue sea; but they had not been there long before they felt again a wild desire for new and thrilling experiences, and felt sure they could never be contented just to be little blue drops forever.

So one day, when they saw another of those golden ladders of the sun reaching down into the sea, they began quietly climbing to the sky again.

And the other drops that were left in the ocean missed them, and said to one another, "Where are they gone?" And then again they said to each other, "They are dead; they have disappeared forever." But they were not dead; and they had not disappeared forever. Nothing ever dies; it is only changed. Do you remember a story of Hans Andersen's, about the little flax-flower that thought it was dying when it was only fading? The flax was made into beautiful linen, and when the linen was worn out and seemed to be only rags, the rags were made into paper, and the paper into a book that had beautiful stories in it; and when the book was worn out it was thrown among the rubbish and into the fire, and turned into flame and ashes. Then, indeed, it appeared to be dead; but it was not; it was only changed. People made potash out of the ashes, and many things were made with the potash, and all in time seemed to perish themselves, and yet never did; they were only changed.

And so the little blue drops that had disappeared, had only disappeared; they were not lost or dead. Up in the sky they put on their dresses of gray gauze again, and again went sailing away in the wind currents of the sky, on the great white clouds. This time one of the gauzy drops floated on the clouds up to Greenland, and became part of a great glacier there, and, later still, part of a huge iceberg broken from the glacier, that came sailing down again into the open sea. And this time it had the experience it had wanted: it met a great European steamer, crowded with passengers who

were looking forward to a long and delightful vacation. But, alas! experience is not always what we think it is going to be, even if the very thing happens that we have wanted to happen. When the iceberg came quite near to the beautiful ship, alas! the faces on the deck, that ought to have been so happy, were white with fear. Fast as the steamer had been going, it could not now go fast enough to get out of the way of the iceberg; and although the iceberg had not meant to do the least harm to the beautiful ship, it was borne along by currents too deep and powerful to be turned aside or stopped. So before it realized at all what danger they were in, there was a terrible crash as the iceberg met the ship, and the ship went down, down in wreck, with all on board!

Strange that an iceberg, only a mass of snowflakes, once so soft and yielding before they were massed together in this terrible group, could have the power to destroy so powerful a thing as a great steamer, fitted with sails and machinery to carry her so fast against wind and wave and current, and yet not fast enough to escape the merely drifting mountain of snow and ice!

And another of the gauzy drops that became snowflakes a second time, had flown north and west, and when it began falling from its cloud in the sky, it too fell on a great glacier; but this time not a glacier among the icy mountains of the extreme north, but a steep inland glacier, in the very heart of a great forest, with snowy

mountains towering indeed above it, but with lovely flowers growing at its very feet, and delicious verdure in the spicy woods around it.

Our snowflake this time melted in the sun and slipped along on the surface of the glacier, before others had fallen on it to drive it down into the depths; and because the green woods were so near, and because the air was so much sunnier and softer than it had been farther north in cold Alaska, it reached the edge of the glacier much sooner than it had before, and dropped gently down into the stream below.

It was a quiet little stream, moving softly on through the woods and among the flowers; but it reached the sea at last. All the brooks, all the streams, all the rivers reach the sea at last. Again it stayed in the sea a little while; but it never could long resist those tempting sunshine ladders that led up to the sky; and this time, when it had climbed, it floated southward on a great cloud, and at last it passed over a garden full of roses. The roses looked up so sweetly that the heart of the cloud melted at once, and all the little drops came hurrying down, without waiting for any sun-



"A HUGE ICEBERG, BROKEN FROM THE GLACIER, CAME SAILING DOWN INTO THE OPEN SEA."

shine ladder or ropes of mist, in a gentle rain of silvery showers. And our little drop fell right into the heart of a great crimson rose. There

dewy drops that would fain have clung to the beautiful flower through every danger that might threaten it now that it had been gathered. But though it was with a sigh that our poor little drop fell to the earth again, it soon rejoiced to find that it had fallen just at the very roots of the bush that had borne the rose.

The straight, slender stem was another kind of ladder, or rather staircase, for the drop to climb. Up, up, it went, inside the slender stem, still in the dark, but always climbing to the light, changing into delicate sap that



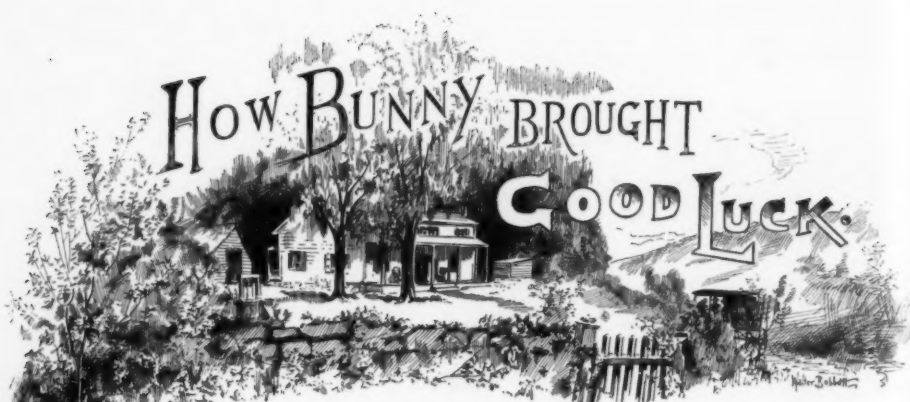
"THIS TIME AN INLAND GLACIER IN THE HEART OF A GREAT FOREST."

slipped into the satin veins of the very rose-leaves of a bud just opening. It blossomed and bloomed, and was very, very happy in its soft pink resting-place, for a day. Then what became of it?

Ah! But it would make a very long story, indeed, if I were to try to tell every experience of

it was very happy; but it was not destined to stay as long in the rose as it had stayed in the glacier. When the shower was over, some one came out into the garden and gathered the rose, scattering to the ground again all the

even one little snowflake or drop of dew. I only know this: new and strange things are certain to have happened to it in new and strange ways, but whatever happened, it was never lost; it never died; it was only changed.



BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IT was Midsummer's Day, that delightful point toward which the whole year climbs and from which it slips off like an ebbing wave in the direction of the distant winter. No wonder that superstitious people in old times gave this day to the fairies, for it is the most beautiful day of all. The world seems full of bird-songs, sunshine, and flower-smells; then storm and sorrow appear impossible things; the barest and ugliest spot takes on a brief charm and, for the moment, seems lovely and desirable.

"That 's a picturesque old place," said a lady on the back seat of the big wagon in which Hiram Swift was taking his summer boarders to drive.

They were passing a low, wide farm-house, gray from want of paint, with a shabby barn and sheds attached, all overarched by tall elms. The narrow hay-field and the vegetable-patch ended in a rocky hillside, with its steep ledges, overgrown and topped with tall pines and firs, which made a dense, green background to the old buildings.

"I don't know about its being like a picter," said Hiram dryly, as he flicked away a fly from the shoulder of his off horse; "but it is n't much by way of a farm. That bit of hay-field is about all the land there is that 's worth anything; the rest is all rock. I guess the Widow Gale does n't take much comfort in its bein'

picturesque. She 'd be glad enough to have the land made flat if she could."

"Oh, is that the Gale farm where the silver-mine is said to be?"

"Yes, marm; at least it 's the farm where the man lived that, 'cordin' to what folks say, said he 'd found a silver-mine. I don't take a great deal of stock in the story myself."

"A silver-mine! That sounds interesting," said a pretty girl on the front seat, who had been driving the horses half the way, aided and abetted by Hiram, with whom she was a prime favorite. "Tell me about it, Mr. Swift. Is it a story, and when did it all happen?"

"Well, I don't know as it ever did happen," responded the farmer cautiously; "all I know for certain is that my father used to tell a story that, before I was born—nigh on to sixty years ago that must have been—Squire Asy Allen that used to live up to that red house on North street—where you bought the crockery mug, you know, Miss Rose—come up one day in a great hurry to catch the stage, with a lump of rock tied in his handkerchief. Old Roger Gale had found it, he said, and they thought it was silver ore; and the Squire was a-takin' it down to New Haven to get it analyzed. My father he saw the rock, but he did n't think much of it from the looks, till the Squire got back ten days afterward and said the New Haven professor pronounced it silver, sure enough, and a rich

specimen; and any man who owned a mine of it had his fortune made, he said. Then of course the township got excited, and everybody talked silver, and there was a great to-do."

"And why did n't they go to work on the mine at once?" asked the pretty girl.

"Well, you see, unfortunately, no one knew where it was, and old Roger Gale had taken that particular day of all others to fall off his hay-riggin' and break his neck, and he had n't happened to mention to any one before doing it where he found the rock! He was a close-mouthed old chap, Roger was. For ten years after that, folks that had n't anything else to do went about hunting for the silver-mine, but they gradooally got tired, and now it's nothin' more than an old story. Does to amuse boarders with in the summer," concluded Mr. Swift, with a twinkle. "For my part, I don't believe there ever was a mine."

"But there was the piece of ore to prove it."

"Oh, that don't prove anything, because it got lost. No one knows what became of it. An' sixty years is long enough for a story to get exaggerated in."

"I don't see why there should n't be silver in Beulah township," remarked the lady on the back seat. "You have all kinds of other minerals here—soapstone, and mica, and emery, and tourmalines and beryls."

"Well, ma'am, I don't see nuther, unless mebbe it's the Lord's will there should n't be."

"It would be so interesting if the mine could be found!" said the pretty girl.

"It would be so, especially to the Gale family,—that is, if it was found on their land. The widow's a smart, capable woman, but it's as much as she can do, turn and twist how she may, to make both ends meet. And there's that boy of hers, a likely boy as ever you see, and just hungry for book-l'arnin', the minister says. The chance of an eddication would be just everything to him, and the widow can't give him one."

"It's really a romance," said the pretty girl carelessly, the wants and cravings of others slipping off her young sympathies easily.

Then the horses reached the top of the long hill they had been climbing, Hiram put on the brake, and they began to grind down a hill

equally long, with a soft panorama of plummy tree-clad summits before them, shimmering in the June sunshine. Drives in Beulah township were apt to be rather perpendicular, however you took them.

Some one, high up on the hill behind the farm-house, heard the clank of the brakes and lifted up her head to listen. It was Hester Gale—a brown little girl with quick dark eyes, and a mane of curly chestnut hair only too apt to get into tangles. She was just eight years old, and to her the old farmstead, which the neighbors scorned as worthless, was a sort of enchanted land, full of delights and surprises,—hiding-places which no one but herself knew, rocks and thickets where she was sure real fairies dwelt, and cubby-houses sacred to the use of "Bunny," who was her sole playmate and companion and the confidant to whom she told all her plans and secrets.

Bunny was a doll,—an old-fashioned doll, carved out of a solid piece of hickory-wood, with a stern expression of face, and a perfectly unyielding figure, but a doll whom Hester loved above all things. Her mother and her mother's mother had played with Bunny, but this only made her dearer.

The two sat together between the gnarled roots of an old spruce which grew near the edge of a steep little cliff. It was one of the loneliest parts of the rocky hillside, and the hardest to get at. Hester liked it better than any of her other hiding-places because no one but herself ever came there.

Bunny lay in her lap, and Hester was in the middle of a story, when she stopped to listen to the wagon grinding down-hill.

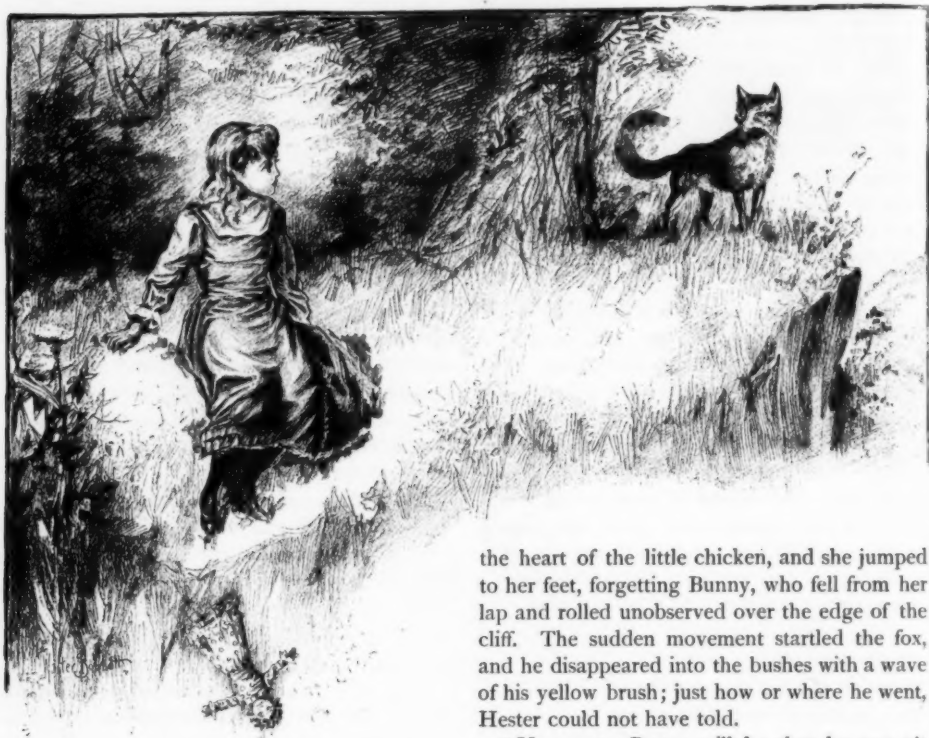
"So the little chicken said, 'Peep! Peep!'" and started off to see what the big yellow fox was like," she went on. "That was a silly thing for her to do, was n't it, Bunny? because foxes are n't a bit nice to chickens. But the little chicken did n't know any better, and she would n't listen to the old hens when they told her how foolish she was. That was wrong, because it's naughty to dis—dis—apute your elders, mother says; children that do are almost always sorry afterward.

"Well, she had n't gone far before she heard a rustle in the bushes on one side. She thought

it was the fox, and then she *did* feel frightened, you 'd better believe, and all the things she meant to say to him went straight out of her head. But it was n't the fox that time; it was a teeny-weeny little striped squirrel, and he just said, 'It 's a sightly day, is n't it?' and, without waiting for an answer, ran up a tree. So the chicken did n't mind *him* a bit.

him, and his eyes looking as sharp as the row of gleaming teeth beneath them. Foxes were rare animals in the Beulah region; Hester had never seen one before; but she had seen the picture of a fox in one of Roger's books, so she knew what it was.

The fox stared at her, and she stared back at the fox. Then her heart melted with fear like



"THE FOX STARED AT HER, AND SHE STARED BACK AT THE FOX."

"Then, by and by, when she had gone a long way farther off from home, she heard another rustle. It was just like—oh, what 's that, Bunny?"

Hester stopped short, and I am sorry to say that Bunny never heard the end of the chicken story, for the rustle resolved itself into—what do you think?

It was a fox! A real fox.

There he stood on the hillside, gazing straight at Hester, with his yellow brush waving behind

the heart of the little chicken, and she jumped to her feet, forgetting Bunny, who fell from her lap and rolled unobserved over the edge of the cliff. The sudden movement startled the fox, and he disappeared into the bushes with a wave of his yellow brush; just how or where he went, Hester could not have told.

"How sorry Roger will be that he was n't here to see him," was her first thought. Her second was for Bunny. She turned and stooped to pick up the doll—and lo! Bunny was not there.

High and low she searched, beneath grass tangles, under "juniper saucers," among the stems of the thickly massed blueberries and hardhacks, but nowhere was Bunny to be seen. She peered over the ledge, but nothing met her eyes below but a thick growth of blackish, stunted evergreens. This place "down below" had been a sort of terror to Hester's imagination always, as an entirely unknown and unex-

plored region; but in the cause of the beloved Bunny she was prepared to risk anything, and she bravely made ready to plunge into the depths.

It was not so easy to plunge, however. The cliff was ten or twelve feet in height where she stood, and ran for a considerable distance to right and left without getting lower. This way and that she quested, and at last found a crevice where it was possible to scramble down,—a steep little crevice, full of blackberry briars, which scratched her face and tore her frock. When at last she gained the lower bank, this further difficulty presented itself: she could not tell where she was. The evergreen thicket nearly met over her head, the branches got into her eyes and buffeted and bewildered her. She could not make out the place where she had been sitting, and no signs of Bunny could be found. At last, breathless with exertion, tired, hot, and hopeless, she made her way out of the thicket and went, crying, home to her mother.

She was still crying and refusing to be comforted, when Roger came in from milking. He was sorry for Hester, but not so sorry as he would have been had his mind not been full of troubles of his own. He tried to console her with a vague promise of helping her to look for Bunny "some day when there was n't so much to do." But this was cold comfort, and in the end Hester went to bed heartbroken, to sob herself to sleep.

"Mother," said Roger, after she had gone, "Jim Boies is going to his uncle's in New Ipswich, in September, to do chores and help round a little, and to go all winter to the academy."

The New Ipswich Academy was quite a famous school then, and to go there was a great chance for a studious boy.

"That 's a bit of good luck for Jim."

"Yes; first-rate."

"Not quite so first-rate for you."

"No" (gloomily). "I shall miss Jim. He 's always been my best friend among the boys. But what makes me mad is that he does n't care a bit about going. Mother, why does n't good luck ever come to us Gales?"

"It was good luck for me when you came,

Roger. I don't know how I should get along without you."

"I 'd be worth a great deal more to you if I could get a chance at any sort of schooling. Does n't it seem hard, Mother? There 's Squire Dennis and Farmer Atwater, and half a dozen others in this township, that are all ready to send their boys to college, and they don't want to go! Bob Dennis says that he 'd far rather do teaming in the summer, and take the girls up to singing practice at the church, than go to all the Harvards and Yales in the world; and I, who 'd give my head, almost, to go to college, can't! It does n't seem half right, Mother."

"No, Roger, it does n't; not a quarter. There are a good many things that don't seem right in this world, but I don't know who 's to mend 'em. I can't! The only way is to dig along hard and do what 's to be done as well as you can, whatever it is, and make the best of your 'musts.' There 's always a 'must.' I suppose rich people have them as well as poor ones."

"Rich people's boys can go to college."

"Yes,—and mine can't. I 'd sell all we 've got to send you, Roger, since your heart is so set on it, but this poor little farm would n't be half enough, even if any one wanted to buy it, which is n't likely. It 's no use talking about it, Roger; it only makes both of us feel sad. —Did you kill the broilers for the hotel?" she asked with a sudden change of tone.

"No, not yet."

"Go and do it, then, right away. You 'll have to carry them down early with the eggs. Four pairs, Roger. Chickens are the best crop we can raise on this farm."

"If we could find Great-uncle Roger's mine, we 'd eat the chickens ourselves," said Roger, as he reluctantly turned to go.

"Yes, and if that apple-tree 'd take to bearing gold apples we would n't have to work at all. Hurry and do your chores before dark, Roger."

Mrs. Gale was a Spartan in her methods, but, for all that, she sighed a bitter sigh as Roger went out of the door.

"He 's such a smart boy," she told herself, "there 's nothing he could n't do,—nothing, if he had a chance. I do call it hard. The folks

who have plenty of money to do with have dull boys; and I, who've got a bright one, can't do anything for him! It seems as if things were n't justly arranged."

Hester spent all her spare time during the next week in searching for the lost Bunny. It rained hard one day and all the following night; she could not sleep for fear that Bunny was getting wet, and looked so pale in the morning that her mother forbade her going to the hill.

"Your feet were sopping when you came in yesterday," she said; "and that's the second apron you've torn. You'll just have to let Bunny go, Hester; no two ways about it."

Then Hester moped and grieved and grew thin, and at last she fell ill. It was low fever, the doctor said. Several days went by, and she was no better. One noon, Roger came in from haying to find his mother with her eyes looking very much troubled. "Hester is light-headed," she said; "we must have the doctor again."

Roger went in to look at the child, who was lying in a little bedroom off the kitchen. The small, flushed face on the pillow did not light up at his approach. On the contrary, Hester's eyes, which were unnaturally big and bright, looked past and beyond him.

"Hessie, dear, don't you know Roger?"

"He said he'd find Bunny for me some day," muttered the little voice; "but he never did. Oh, I wish he would!—I wish he would! I do want her so much." Then she rambled on about foxes, and the old spruce-tree, and the rocks; always with the refrain, "I wish I had Bunny; I want her so much!"

"Mother, I do believe it's that wretched old doll she's fretted herself sick over," said Roger, going back into the kitchen. "Now, I'll tell you what. Mr. Hinsdale's going up to the town this noon, and he'll leave word for the doctor to come; and the minute I've swallowed my dinner, I'm going up to the hill to find Bunny. I don't believe Hessie'll get any better till she's found."

"Very well," said Mrs. Gale. "I suppose the hay'll be spoiled, but we've got to get Hessie cured at any price."

"Oh, I'll find the doll. I know about where Hessie was when she lost it. And the

hay'll take no harm. I only got a quarter of the field cut, and it's good drying weather."

Roger made haste with his dinner. His conscience pricked him as he remembered his neglected promise and his indifference to Hester's griefs; he felt in haste to make amends. He went straight to the old spruce which, he had gathered from Hester's rambling speech, was the scene of Bunny's disappearance. It was easily found, being the oldest and largest on the hillside.

Roger had brought a stout stick with him, and now, leaning over the cliff edge, he tried to poke with it in the branches below, while searching for the dolly. But the stick was not long enough, and slipped through his fingers, disappearing suddenly and completely through the evergreens.

"Hallo!" cried Roger. "There must be a hole there of some sort. Bunny's at the bottom of it, no doubt. Here goes to find her!"

His longer legs made easy work of the steep descent which had so puzzled his little sister. Presently he stood, waist-deep, in tangled hemlock boughs, below the old spruce. He parted the bushes in advance and moved cautiously forward step by step. He felt a cavity just before him, but the thicket was so dense that he could see nothing.

Feeling for his pocket-knife, which luckily was a stout one, he stood still, cutting, slashing, and breaking off the tough boughs, and throwing them on one side. It was hard work, but after ten minutes a space was cleared which let in a ray of light, and, with a hot, red face and surprised eyes, Roger Gale stooped over the edge of a rocky cavity on the sides of which something glittered and shone. He swung himself over the edge and dropped into the hole, which was but a few feet deep. His foot struck on something hard as he landed. He stooped to pick it up, and his hand encountered a soft substance. He lifted both objects out together.

The soft substance was a doll's woolen frock. There, indeed, was the lost Bunny, looking no whit the worse for her adventures, and the hard thing on which her wooden head had lain was a pick-ax—an old iron pick, red with rust. Three letters were rudely cut on the handle—R. P. G. They were Roger's own initials,



ROGER FINDS THE OLD PICK-AX.

Roger Perkins Gale. It had been his father's name also, and that of the great-uncle after whom they both were named.

With an excited cry, Roger stooped again and lifted out of the hole a lump of quartz mingled with ore. Suddenly he realized where he was and what he had found. This was the long lost silver-mine whose finding and whose disappearing had for so many years been a tradition in the township. Here it was that old Roger Gale had found his "speciment," knocked off probably with that very pick, and, covering up all traces of his discovery, had gone sturdily off to his farm-work, to meet his death next day on the hay-rigging, with the secret locked within his breast. For sixty years the evergreen thicket had grown and toughened and guarded the hidden cavity beneath its roots; and it might easily have done so for sixty years longer if Bunny, little wooden

Bunny, with her lack-luster eyes and expressionless features, had not led the way into its tangles.

Hester got well. When Roger placed the doll in her arms, she seemed to come to herself, fondled and kissed her, and presently dropped into a satisfied sleep, from which she awoke conscious and relieved. The "mine" did not prove exactly a mine,—it was not deep or wide enough for that,—but the ore in it was rich in quality, and the news of its finding made a great stir in the neighborhood. Mrs. Gale was offered a price for her hillside which made her what she considered a rich woman, and she was wise enough to close with the offer at once, and neither stand out for higher terms nor risk the chance of mining on her own account. She and her family left the quiet little farm-house soon after that, and went to live in Worcester. Roger had all the schooling he desired, and made ready for Harvard and the law-school, where he worked hard, and laid the foundations of what has since proved a brilliant career. You may be sure that Bunny went to Worcester also, treated and regarded as one of the most valued members of the family. Hester took great care of her, and so did Hester's little girl later on; and even Mrs. Gale spoke respectfully of her always, and treated her with honor. For was it not Bunny who broke the long spell of evil fate, and brought good luck back to the Gale family?



PRINCE CAM

AND THE

FAIRIES

by
Sydney
Reid



In a beautiful valley in India lived little Prince Cam, who was beloved by all his people. He was an orphan, only twelve years of age, yet he ruled the valley and mountains as far as the eye could reach, and owned a thousand horses and five hundred elephants. Oranges, figs, dates, apples, pears, and other fine fruits grew in groves about his palace. He had more servants than he could count in a day, and seven rooms of the palace were filled with gold, silver, diamonds, rubies, pearls, emeralds, opals, topazes, and other beautiful gems, the very largest in the world.

But Prince Cam's Grand Vizir, Boorum Boola, had a bad heart, and envied the Prince.

Now the Grand Vizir's son, Suley, was just the Prince's age, and so like him that, when dressed alike, no one could tell them apart.

One day Suley said to his father, "Why can I not be prince? I am as tall as Cam." "We will see," said the Grand Vizir. He called two black slaves, and told them to seize Prince Cam when he slept, carry him to the forest, and leave him there clothed in rags.

The slaves did so, and the Grand Vizir put Suley in the Prince's bed. In the morning he

made a great lamentation, declaring that Suley had been carried off in the night. The people were not sorry, for Suley was cruel and proud.

When Suley sat on the throne and the people brought their petitions, they found a great change. Prince Cam had always said "Yes," and smiled. Suley said "No," and frowned, and there was great sorrow and fear; for all said:

"The good little Prince has gone mad."

For a long time Prince Cam wandered about in the forest, becoming very hungry and tired. He met many people and told who he was, but they laughed and said:

"Little boy, you have been dreaming! Princes never dress in rags."

His misfortunes made him sad, but his heart was as kind as ever, and he was always gentle to every living creature.

One evening, just as the sun was setting, the poor young Prince came to a field of flowers. He stooped to pluck a large white lily, but as he grasped the stem, he saw a number of tiny men and women dancing on the waxen floor of the lily bell. They were clothed in robes of rainbow and sunshine, and their king sat on a throne of pure gold, and wore a dia-

mond dewdrop for a crown. A banquet-table was spread in front of the throne, and the dancers drank goblets of honey and dew.

Prince Cam drew back, but the king said:

"Why do you not take the flower?"

"I was unwilling to disturb you," said the Prince.

"What of that?" asked the king; "we are too small to fight one so big and strong as you."

"All the more reason why I should not harm you," said Prince Cam. "I would be glad to do you a service if I could; but I am poor and friendless now, though I was once rich and happy."

Now, the fairies knew all about Prince Cam.

"Tell me your story," said the fairy king. So Prince Cam told how he had been seized in the night, carried to the woods, and left there clothed in rags.

"If you will take advice from a little person like me," said the fairy king, "go back to your kingdom, and ask the Grand Vizir to restore you to your throne. If he refuses, come and tell me. This road leads straight to your palace gate."

Prince Cam walked all night, and arrived before his palace gate in the morning. When he entered the court, Suley was sitting on the throne, surrounded by a band of wicked youths whom he had chosen to be his courtiers.

These made great sport of the dusty little beggar-boy.

"What is your petition?" they inquired; "—that the king should make you a great lord?"

"No. I have come to ask him to give me my kingdom back, for I am Prince Cam," was the reply.

All the courtiers laughed so loudly that the palace shook.

"What does the boy say?" asked the Grand Vizir.

"He says he is Prince Cam, and he wants his kingdom," said the courtiers.

The Grand Vizir and Suley laughed too.

"Come here, little boy," said the Vizir.

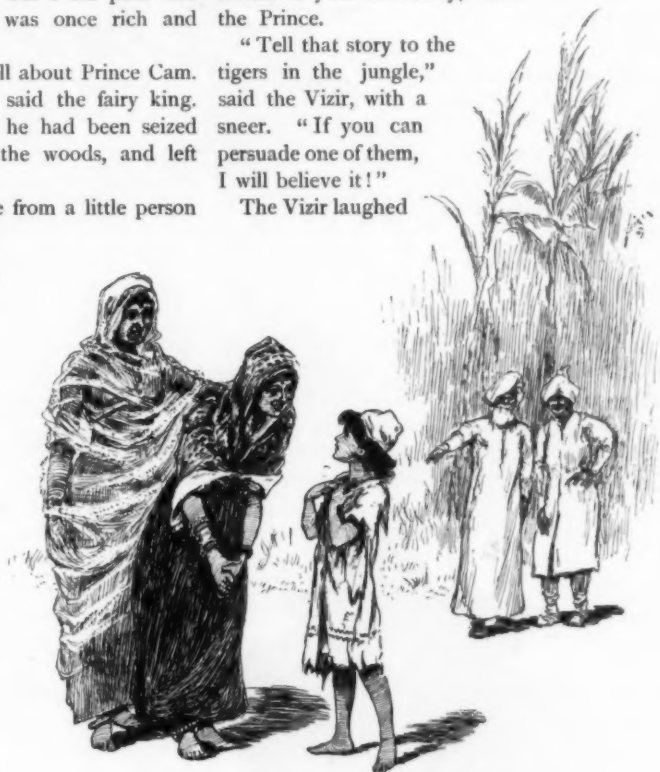
When Prince Cam approached him, the Vizir, who knew him well, said:

"Do you not see the Prince sitting on his throne?"

"I am Prince Cam, and he who sits on the throne is your son Suley," said the Prince.

"Tell that story to the tigers in the jungle," said the Vizir, with a sneer. "If you can persuade one of them, I will believe it!"

The Vizir laughed



"PRINCES NEVER DRESS IN RAGS!" THEY SAID.

again, but Suley frowned, and said to the slaves who had carried Cam away, "Turn the little beggar out; but first be sure that you warm his feet with a cane-fire so that he may walk well."

So Prince Cam was turned out and beaten on the feet with a cane, and he went back to the fairy sadder than he had come. But the

fairy bade him be of good cheer. "Let us go and see what the tigers will say," said the fairy.

At this, one of the attendants led up a cricket, richly harnessed. The king sprang upon his back, and off went Prince Cam and the fairy, the king leading the way.

They traveled into the forest, and stopped at last under a great tree which had a hollow trunk. "Put your hand in the hollow, and see what you find," said the king.

Prince Cam pulled out an iron pot full of pitch and bird-lime.

"Sprinkle it all about on the leaves," said the king; and Prince Cam did so.

Then the king began to growl like a tiger who wanted to fight. Instantly a great tiger came running to see who had dared invade his dominions. When he beheld Prince Cam, he roared and lashed his sides.

"M-m-m, r-r-r-r!" said the fairy king, sitting on the cricket's back. The tiger thought it was Prince Cam who challenged him.

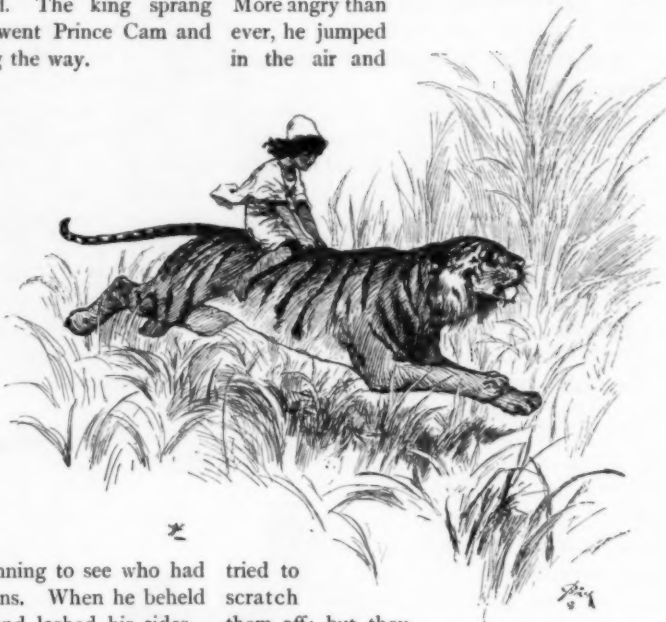


"THE FAIRY KING SPRANG ON THE CRICKET'S BACK."

"M-m-m, r-r-r-r!" said the king, again.

The tiger lost all patience, and sprang at Prince Cam. The leaves stuck to his paws.

More angry than ever, he jumped in the air and



"PRINCE CAM GALLOPED TO THE PALACE, THE KING HOPPING ALONG BESIDE HIM ON THE CRICKET."

tried to scratch them off; but they stuck fast, and he gathered more of them all the time.

"Oh, what a coward!" said the fairy king. "Why don't you come on?"

That made the tiger furious. He rolled on the ground and gathered more leaves till he was nothing but a big, round ball. At length his eyes were covered, he could not see, and lay still.

"Promise me on your honor that you will obey all my instructions, and I will release you," said the king.

When the tiger had given the necessary pledge, Prince Cam brought some water, and soon made him as sleek and clean as ever.

"You must acknowledge this youth as Prince," said the little king. "Now take him on your back."

Prince Cam mounted the tiger's back, and galloped swiftly to the palace, the king hopping along beside him on the cricket.

As they went down the road, the people all

ran after them, as if they had never seen a beggar-boy on a tiger before.

Prince Cam rode into the court and dismounted before the throne of the wicked Suley.

"I come to hold you to your promise," he said to the Grand Vizir.

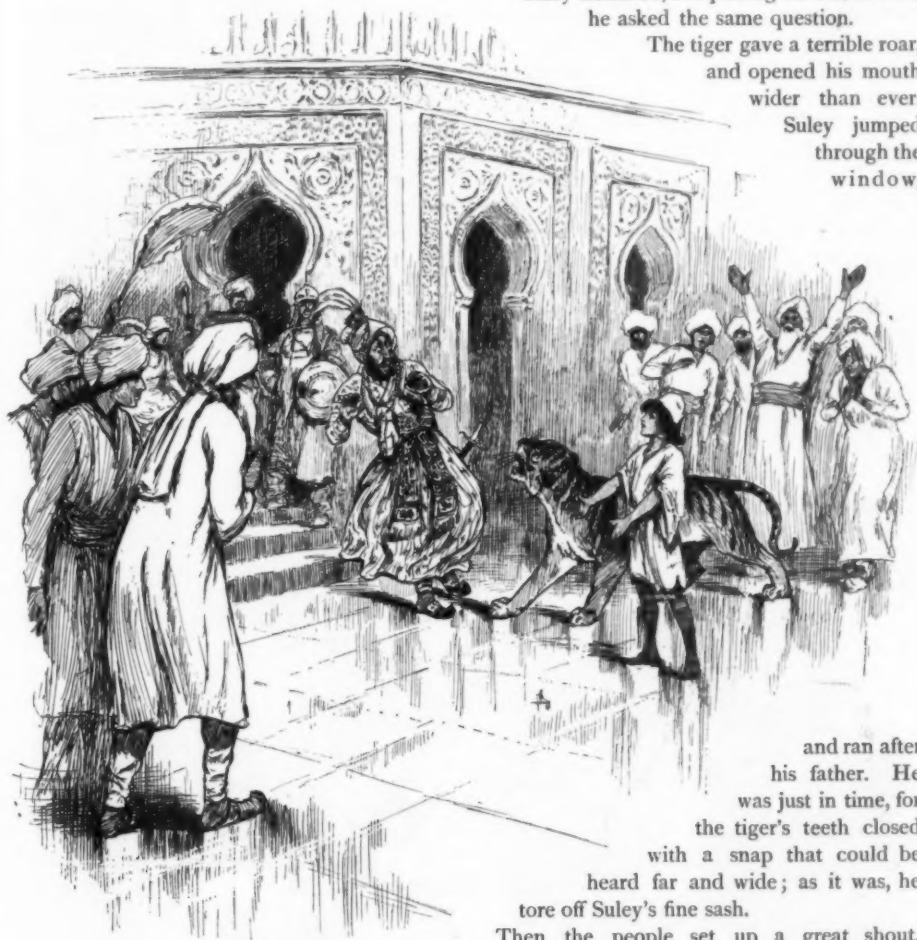
"Do you acknowledge me as the lawful ruler?" he asked.

The tiger rose on his hind legs and opened his mouth to swallow the Grand Vizir. But the Vizir jumped through the window and ran away in a great fright.

Suley trembled, but putting on a bold face, he asked the same question.

The tiger gave a terrible roar, and opened his mouth wider than ever.

Suley jumped through the window,



"I COME TO HOLD YOU TO YOUR PROMISE,"
SAID PRINCE CAM.

Then turning to the tiger, Prince Cam said: "Do you acknowledge me as the lawful ruler?"

The tiger bowed three times and touched his forehead to the ground.

"That is a trick," said Boorum Boola; "I can do that"; and he approached the tiger.

and ran after his father. He was just in time, for the tiger's teeth closed with a snap that could be heard far and wide; as it was, he tore off Suley's fine sash.

Then the people set up a great shout. "Good Prince Cam has come again!" they said. So they seized the wicked and lazy young courtiers, gave them a good beating, and packed them off to find the old Vizir and Suley, and ran to release Prince Cam's faithful servants and advisers.

Then they dressed the good Prince in the finest robes, and set him on his throne.

"Reign forever!" they said; "for you are worthy."

And peace and plenty came again to the kingdom of good Prince Cam.

"So far, so good!" said the fairy king. "Now you want a wife. Would you not like to wed my daughter?"

"Is she not too small?" asked the Prince.

"You shall see," answered the king. He stamped his foot thrice, and the princess appeared.

Never had Prince Cam seen any one so beautiful. Her dress was of the finest rose-leaves looped up with dewdrops, her long hair shone like pure gold, and a crown of violets was on her head. But she was smaller than her father.

Prince Cam fell in love with her immediately, and began to weep. "Alas, that nature has made us so unlike!" he said. "Without you I can never be happy."

The king laughed and stamped his foot. Instantly he grew to be a tall man, and the princess herself was almost as large as Prince Cam, and more beautiful than ever.

"Fairies can be any size they like," the king said. "I appeared small and weak that I might discover whether your heart was really good."

The fairy princess had long loved Prince Cam in secret, and blushed with pleasure when she learned why she had been summoned. The wedding was celebrated with great magnificence, all the people rejoiced, and the fairies came and danced in honor of the good Prince.

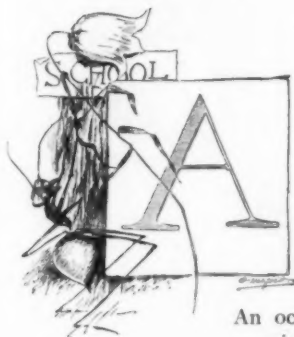
Boorum Boola and his son and all their worthless followers were never heard of again. As to the tiger, he was made Grand Vizir, and performed the duties of that post with great credit and dignity.

And Prince Cam and his beautiful bride lived many years, and never knew sickness or sorrow.





BY OLIVER HERFORD.



GIFTED ANT, who
could no
more
Than keep
starvation
from her
door,
Once cast
about that
she might
find

An occupation to her
mind.

An ant with active hands and feet
Can, as a rule, make both ends meet.
Unhappily, this was not quite
The case with her of whom I write.



"Since I am gifted," she'd explain,
"I ought to exercise my brain.
The only thing for me, it's clear,
Is a professional career!"

But no profession could she find,
Until one day there crossed her mind
The proverb bidding sluggards gaze
Upon the ant to learn her ways.

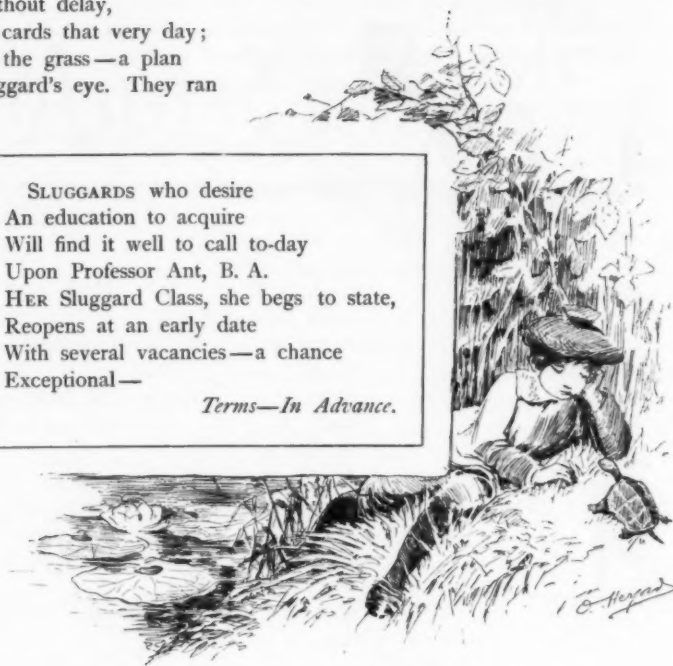
"The very thing!" she cried. "Hurray!
I'll advertise without delay.
Things are come to a pretty pass,
If I can't teach a sluggard class!"



She set to work without delay,
 And wrote some cards that very day;
 And hung them in the grass—a plan
 To catch the sluggard's eye. They ran
 As follows:

SLUGGARDS who desire
 An education to acquire
 Will find it well to call to-day
 Upon Professor Ant, B. A.
 HER Sluggard Class, she begs to state,
 Reopens at an early date
 With several vacancies—a chance
 Exceptional—

Terms—In Advance.



She placed at every turn that led
 To her abode, a sign which read,
 "Go to the Ant," and hung beside
 Her picture, highly magnified.

Said she, "At least that cannot fail
 To bring a Turtle, Sloth, or Snail,

A Dormouse, or a Boy, to learn
 Their livelihood (and mine) to earn!

"I'll teach them, first of all, to see
 The joyousness of industry;
 And they, to grasp my meaning more,
 Shall gather in my winter store;



"I'll teach them it is wise to lay
Up riches for a rainy day
(And while they put away the pelf,
I'll play the 'rainy day' myself).

"The Beauty of Abstemiousness
I'll next endeavor to impress
Upon their minds at meals (N. B.
That is—if they should board with me).

"Then Architecture they shall try
(My present house is far from dry),—
In short, all Honest Toil I'll teach
(And they shall practise what I
preach)."



Alas, for castles in the air!—
There's no delusion anywhere
Quite so delusive as, I fear,
Is a professional career.

So thought the ant last time we met.
She only has *one* sluggard yet,
Who scantily fills her larder shelf—
It is, I grieve to say, *herself*!



"THE UNCLE SAM," THE LARGEST KITE IN THE WORLD.

BY N. FERGUSON CONANT.



"THE FRAME WAS TWENTY-TWO FEET HIGH, AND LOOKED LIKE AN IMMENSE SPIDER-WEB."

DUDLEY HILL, Massachusetts, is just the place for kite-flying; and it was here, August 31, 1891, that "The Uncle Sam" was planned and built. It was the result of much studying and calculation by a certain Uncle Sam and his nephew, and its great size, together with its beauty, makes it deserving of more than local reputation.

Uncle Sam, in whose honor it was named, is an experienced kite-flier, and has made kites for two generations of nephews. Some forty years ago, he with his two brothers successfully flew, at Portland, Maine, a kite seventeen feet high; and it has been his, and his Dudley nephew's, ambition to surpass all previous

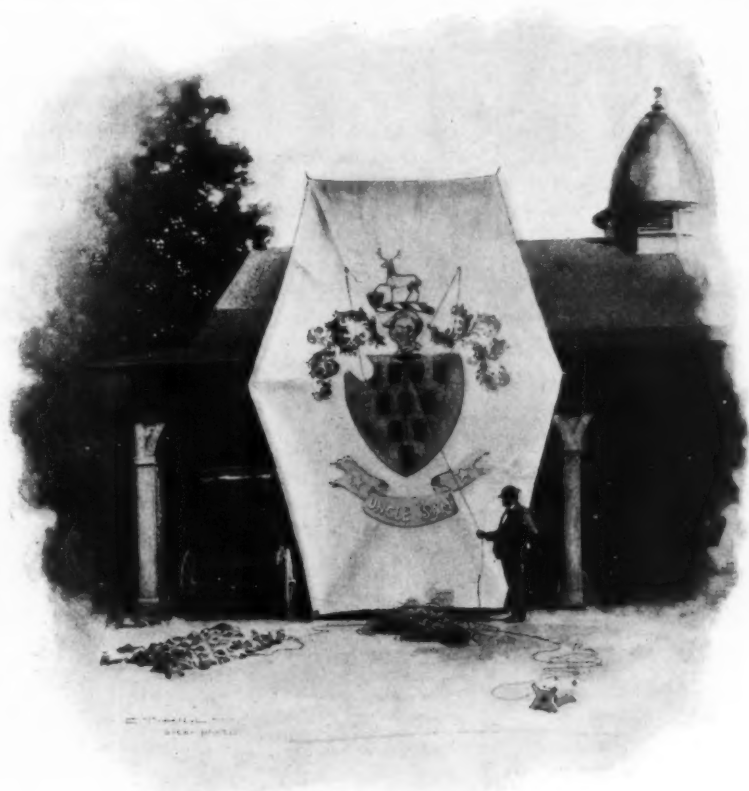
records of all kites; and after two jolly weeks of planning and building, their cherished hopes were realized.

The frame shown in the picture was made of six ash sticks, split back about four feet from the center and bolted to a hub six inches thick, and eight inches in diameter. The sticks were about two and a half by two inches, tapering to one inch by three quarters. The whole frame weighed thirty-four pounds, was twenty-two feet high, sixteen feet wide and about seventy feet in circumference. With its wire and coarse twine to keep the cover from bagging

The cover was made of unbleached cotton cloth, strengthened in the six corners with canvas; and it took forty yards of material. A quarter-inch manila rope was bound into the edge, and the corners were provided with small snaps which fastened into rings on the ends of the sticks, as shown in the diagram on page 467.

The cover alone, when completed, weighed thirteen pounds.

Coarse burlap from cotton bales made the tail, which was one hundred feet long and weighed eleven pounds. The burlap was cut



"THE UNCLE SAM" READY FOR FLYING.

and to strengthen it, it looked like an immense spider-web. When not in use it was strapped under the eaves of a large barn, as no barn door was big enough to admit the huge frame.

in strips twelve inches wide, sewn together end to end, then knotted with streamers four feet apart.

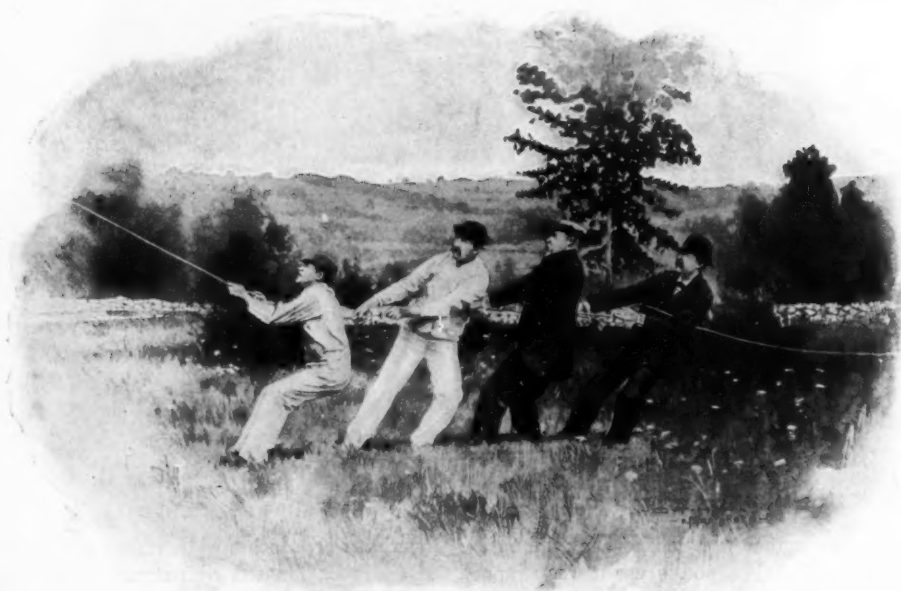
The third picture shows the swiveled reel,



MANAGING THE REEL.

strongly built, and so mounted as to turn in any direction according to the wind.

The flying-rigging was constructed upon certain plans of Uncle Sam's, and was similar to those described in previous numbers of ST. NICHOLAS, with the exception that the upper part of the kite was strengthened by two additional staying-cords. These cords were hooked into rings on the frame half-way from the top to the hub; then the flying-cords of proper length were fixed, like the cover, with snaps and rings, and were snapped together in a common iron ring about one and



"THE FOUR MEN WERE JUST ABLE TO HOLD IT."

one half inches in diameter, to which the flying-cord was attached. The flying-cord and flying-rigging were of one-quarter inch manila rope, stout enough to bear a strain of five hundred pounds.

On Monday morning, August 31, we found a strong, steady wind blowing, and, amid much excitement, the cover was laid face downward in one of the largest of Dudley pastures, the frame put upon it and snapped into place. The excitement increased as the six men who handled it took their places to launch the great airship; for had there not been plenty of scoffers, who doubted the ability of the wind to raise a fifty-eight pound kite?

"The Uncle Sam" was lifted from its face by two men at the top walking down by its edge and seizing the two lower corners; a third man about fifteen feet from the face of the kite held the flying-line. Three other men were at the reel.

When the word was given, "The Uncle Sam"

rose steadily of its own accord, and after hovering on the wind for a few seconds, as if in doubt, finally took the line as it was paid out and rose to a height of one thousand feet, followed by cheers from the enthusiastic spectators, old and young.

It remained in the air for about two hours. The fourth illustration gives some idea of its pulling power, as the four men were just able to hold it. A large pair of ice-scales were attached to the line, and it was estimated that the pulling capacity varied from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred and fifty pounds.

Another reason for the carrying out of Uncle Sam's ideas for a huge kite was given by an account in the "Boston Journal" of a monster kite, eleven feet high, that had been raised at Salem, Massachusetts. Dudley Hill never had witches, but it has a kite not surpassed as yet by Salem. We all knew our Uncle Sams could beat the world — and they did.

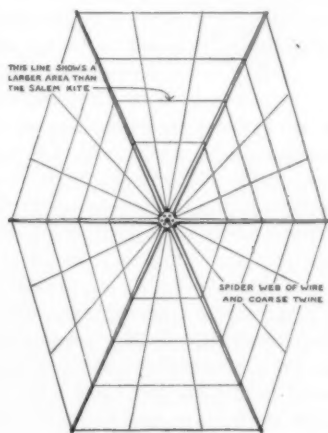
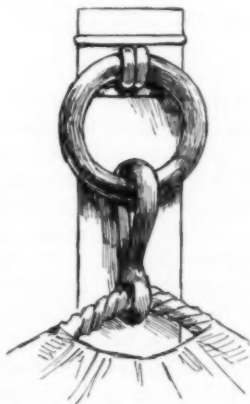


DIAGRAM OF FRAME.



SPRING-CLIP FASTENING COVER TO FRAME.

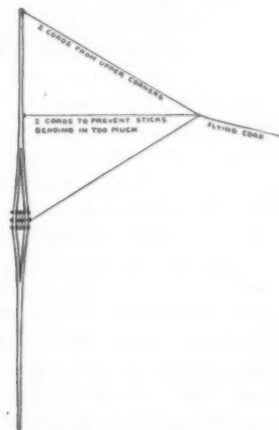


DIAGRAM OF FLYING-RIGGING.

THE HIRED MAN'S WAY.

OUR hired man is the kindest man
That ever I did see;
He's always glad to stop his work
And come and talk to me.

John Kendrick Bangs.

A WALRUS-HUNT IN ARCTIC SEAS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE PEARY RELIEF EXPEDITION.

WE had left McCormick Bay, Lieutenant Peary's winter-quarters, intending to explore the Humboldt Glacier, which is the largest "ice-river" in Greenland. In our voyage we had passed Point Foulke, Refuge Harbor, Lifeboat Cove, and various localities reminding us of arctic explorers—of Kane, Hayes, Hall, Budington, and others, whom we were eager to emulate.

But we were to be disappointed. For, when we arrived in Kane Basin, at the northern extremity of Smith's Sound, we found an impassable barrier—a solid, compact sea of ice, extending entirely across to the American side, with the exception of a narrow passage, or "lead," northward. Our brave captain would not enter this passage, and his severe experience when in command of the "Proteus," the vessel sent to the relief of Greely, justified his refusal. On that occasion, having unwillingly entered such a lead in obedience to orders, he had not journeyed many miles along that seemingly open route, when the ice-mass closed in, and crushed the vessel.

We had arrived there near midnight—though, of course, it was broad daylight, darkness having here only a short reign of barely four months. Most of the members of our party were on deck, lost in admiration of our surroundings—the vast, rough, undulating sheet of ice, decked with fantastic mounds and hillocks that presented a weird and picturesque appearance. The surroundings were full of historical interest and arctic reminiscences. From the American coast, that glistened white, bare, and bleak in the sunlight, Cape Sabine projected conspicuously, and recalled to us the tragic sequel to Greely's expedition. It was here that seventeen of that noble band were found dead of starvation, and the rest in the last stages of exhaustion, after enduring hardships and suffering that cannot be fully told. To the eastward,

on the shore of Greenland, was Rensselaer Harbor, Dr. Kane's winter-quarters from 1853 to 1855.

While reflecting on these tragic annals of arctic navigation, we were roused by a sound as of a dog barking. It seemed to proceed from a point directly opposite us. There were various and contradictory conjectures as to what it might be. One officer suggested that it was the cry of a wolf, another that it sounded like that of a fox; but the majority insisted that it resembled the yelping of a dog in distress, and suggested that the animal might be one of Lieutenant Peary's Eskimo dogs.

Our commander gave orders to steam closer inshore, to find out what caused the noise. We had proceeded only a short distance, when similar sounds greeted us from all sides, and then the source of the cries was discovered. On the numerous ice-floes, only a few hundred yards distant, many black bodies were seen. They were walrus, dozing or basking in the sun, while many others were disporting in the water.

The men ran below for their guns, but shooting this big game was vain and profitless work; for even if we succeeded in killing a walrus, he would sink. So the ice-anchor was thrown out and made fast to the ice-pack, and then the long-boat was lowered in order to approach closer, so as not only to kill, but also to secure the game.

The usual method of hunting walrus is similar to that adopted to capture the whale—the use of harpoon-line and spear. The Eskimos in their "kayaks," or sealskin canoes, which they handle with remarkable skill, cautiously approach an ice-floe where walrus lie; and, when close enough, dexterously throw the spear, or shaft, with harpoon-point attached. The point pierces the animal, and, in fright, he dives below the surface, but is prevented from remaining there

by the float or bladder attached by a line to the harpoon-point. This float is quickly thrown into the water as soon as the animal is speared, for otherwise the boat would either be capsized, or carried along at a very rapid pace, and then would be certain to strike against one of the many ice-floes and be dashed to pieces. The walrus dives several times, but soon becomes exhausted; and as soon as he comes to the surface, with strength well nigh spent, he is killed by a lance-thrust. The natives of North

Greenland are in the habit of placing the harpoon-line around the neck, and occasionally this line becomes caught and cannot be thrown off in time, and then the Eskimo may be dragged under and drowned. Strangely enough, though they live on the coast, they do not learn to swim.

Early in the season the ice-pack is unbroken, except for small openings made by the walrus; and these often freeze over. When the walrus is found on a large ice-raft, or away from the water's edge, he can be easily overcome, as his immense weight makes him awkward and slow when out of the water.

With this short explanation of the habits of this arctic animal, the reader will understand our adventure.

Having lowered the boat, five members of our party, with the Eskimo named "Daniel," our phlegmatic interpreter, as harpooner, rowed for the ice-pack, on which we had sighted the barking herd. We intended to surprise them, but in our haste and enthusiasm made some noise when scarce within range. The walrus

raised their massive heads, gazed at us inquiringly, and then, noticing that something was amiss, began to dive from the floe. Three rifles rang out, and then all the walrus tumbled off the ice; but some were wounded.



AN ESKIMO IN HIS "KAYAK," HUNTING WALRUS.

A few energetic strokes of the oars brought us near the powerful swimmers. One big fellow, with his eyes gleaming ferociously, made for our boat as we approached. He came right under the bow, where stood Daniel, with the keen harpoon poised ready for the stroke. It seemed an excellent opportunity—we almost held our breath in our anxiety and eagerness to capture our first walrus. Daniel hesitated, and the opportunity was lost. The walrus escaped; and in our angry disappointment we heaped undeserved blame on our innocent Eskimo, who stood abashed and confused, understanding our gestures if not our words. Afterward we learned that he was not in fault, as the animal was too near for an effective thrust. Skilled hunters never throw the spear perpendicularly, but always obliquely.

Again we moved onward, having seen three more walrus near by; but we had rowed only a short distance when some one shouted, "There he is, right astern!" We backed water. As soon as we were near enough, Daniel let fly the harpoon. This time he was successful.

The walrus was made fast to the stern, and then we rowed for the ship, delighted with our success. Our exultation was brief, for, as we were towing this immense burden, weighing, as

our boat. One huge monster who led the ranks dived, and it appeared as if he would come just below the stern. Up he came, alongside, and reared his ungainly head in order to hook his tusks over the gunwale of the boat. That we had to prevent; for had he succeeded in getting them over the side, his immense weight, even unaided by any effort on his part, would have capsized our boat as if it were but a racing-shell. Our artist fired into the tough hide only a few feet away. I grasped the nearest weapon,—an ice-ax,—but the blow from it made no more impression than if it had been a light wand, except that it enraged him still more.



"HE REARED HIS UNGAINLY HEAD IN ORDER TO HOOK HIS TUSKS OVER THE GUNWALE OF THE BOAT."

we found afterward, nearly 1400 pounds, one of the party shouted excitedly, "Look ahead, boys! We are in for it!"

Advancing upon us in stern battle-array with regular, unbroken column, came a herd of between thirty and forty walrus. It was a grand sight. On they came with swift and vigorous strokes, their great, dark-brown forms in strong contrast with the ice-covered sea, their huge, hard-visaged heads erect, their long, sharp ivory tusks glistening ferociously in the sunlight. Their bloodshot eyes were fixed upon us with vengeful intent.

We, however, were as eager as they for the fray. Aglow with excitement and exhilaration, we met their fierce onslaught with a volley from our rifles that even those determined beasts could not withstand. But they withdrew only for a moment; then, bellowing loudly with rage, they made a second desperate effort to reach

planted a good-sized rifle-ball in the nape of the neck—a vital point. We had had a narrow escape; for, once upset, even had we avoided the jaws of those angry brutes, swimming in that icy water to one of the distant icebergs would have been extremely perilous. In the mean time the herd of walrus, bewildered and frightened, many having been killed or wounded, turned and retreated in hasty disorder.

Then, towing our two walrus, a weight of over three thousand pounds, we rowed for our ship, the "Kite."

It was very slow and arduous work. But we felt secure, thinking we were done with our impetuous arctic enemies. They were of a different mind; certainly they were not done with us. For as we pulled, with aching arms and weary backs, a loud shout from one of the men warned us that our fancied security was to be disturbed. Right ahead appeared a pack

of some fifty walrus; and scarce had we time to collect ourselves and prepare for battle, when another group was seen off the starboard bow—then still another off the port bow! We were completely surrounded, and in the distance many more dark bodies were made out, evidently swimming toward us.

The sea was alive with them. The wounded had retreated only to summon aid—to collect their scattered forces. More enraged than ever, they had returned to wreak dire vengeance on the presumptuous foreign intruders. This time it seemed as if our hunt was to have a disastrous ending.

Undaunted by our fire, on they came, some to within fifteen or twenty feet. We tried to make every shot tell. Some grasped the oars to row for the ship, and one brandished the heavy ship's-ax, to prevent them from thrusting their tusks over the side of the boat. Now the fight had reached the height of excitement. Herds of maddened walrus were on all sides, and the sharp, rapid reports of the rifles were

try to reach a low iceberg; but now that our passage was blocked on all sides, the only choice left us was to fight it out then and there.

At last, beaten and dismayed, our pursuers yielded, turned, and fled.

We rejoiced to see the Kite steaming up to meet us, as now we were encountering the fresh ice that was already forming. It made rowing, with that enormous weight attached, exceedingly difficult. When we came to the ice-floe alongside the steamer, we found we had another herculean task before us to haul these bulky bodies up on the cake of ice.

Finally, with the assistance of the crew, we "landed" the great bodies successfully, took some snap-shot photographs, and then proceeded to skin them—which was not an easy or agreeable conclusion to our arduous but fascinating walrus-hunt.

As the walrus lay upon the ice, their immense bulk and massive forms could be better appreciated. Lieutenant Schwatka described the



SURROUNDED BY AVENGING WALRUS.

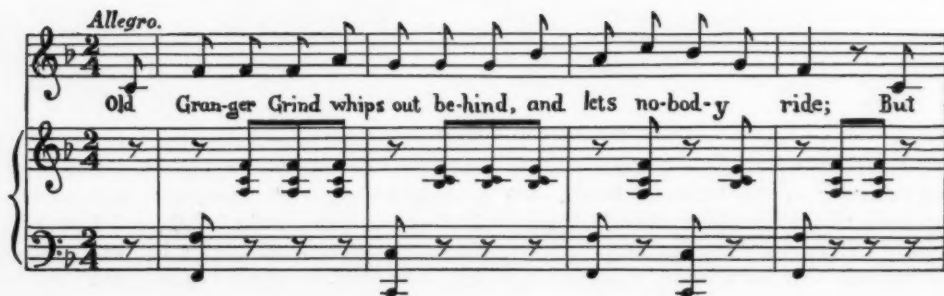
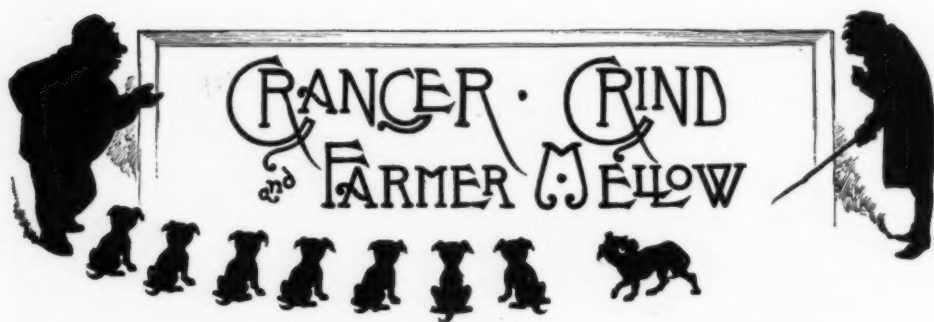
followed by the peculiar, discordant howling and bellowing of the infuriated beasts. We still clung to our unwieldy spoils, which made it impossible to attain any headway. At first we hurriedly debated whether we should not

walrus as "huge seals, with upper canine-teeth prolonged into tusks." These tusks are usually from one to two feet in length, and I have seen some that were two and a half and even three feet long. When full-grown, the tusk

weighs about five pounds. Their length does not seem to be dependent upon either the age or size of the animal, as often a young, small walrus will have long tusks. The average weight of the animal is about a ton, and ours weighed between 1200 and 1500 pounds. One was ten, the other thirteen feet long. They attain, however, a length of from fifteen to eighteen feet, and half as much around the fore flippers. The flippers are some two feet long, and capable, when extended, of covering a considerable area, and of forcing the animal rapidly through the water. Walrus also use these flippers to protect wounded comrades or carry their offspring. The inside of these paws is covered by a horny skin that serves to protect their palms in scrambling around over the

rough ice. The walrus-flippers, when properly cooked, are considered a great delicacy by the Eskimos. The flavor of the flipper is very similar to that of the coarser clams. The meat did not seem as delicate as that of the seal or narwhal. The flesh of the walrus is protected by a thick blanket of fat — the blubber, which enables it to resist the icy water of the Arctic seas. This fat yields nearly a barrel of oil. The hide and tusks also are valuable. The hide is used by the Eskimos to make soles for their boots, or *kamiks*, and it is also cut into strips for their harpoon-lines. It is from one to one and a half inches thick.

The formidable tusks are used as weapons of offense and defense, and also, it is stated, to gather their food, the clams.





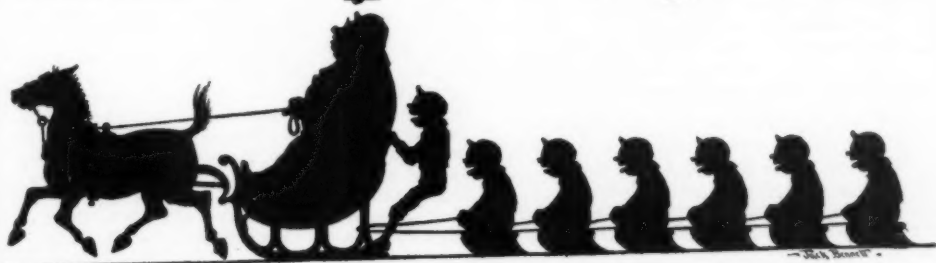
Far-mer Mellow is a jolly good fel-low; which can-not be de-nied! Hang

 The first system of musical notation consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The vocal line has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

on, or hitch; he don't care which, for his sleigh is broad and wide; And

 The second system of musical notation continues the song. It follows the same musical structure as the first system, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Far-mer Mellow is a jol-ly good fel-low; which can-not be de-nied!

 The third system of musical notation concludes the song. It follows the same musical structure as the previous systems.




JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ALL hail to you in the bright springtime, my smilers and weepers! No more skating or snow-balling or coasting at present, in this part of the world, but any amount of good fun. Nature is wide awake now, and she expects you to take particular notice of things around you in these out-of-door days. Soon you will know too much to go in when it rains, and perhaps your school-books will grow rather heavy. But what of that? Sling them over to the other shoulder, and march on, still keeping your eyes open and your heart full of sunshine. Even school walls, viewed from within, are sweet as May hedgerows when one—

Ahem! Now and then your Jack is puzzled what to say next. But here come some friends to the rescue,—bright little fellows sent to this pulpit by Miss Carrie Barber Chandler. Let us see what they have to say:

CROCUSES.

I AM a little crocus, don't you see!

And all these fellows that come with me,

Why, they are crocuses too, I say.

We come to tell you that sometime,—to-day

Or to-morrow, we can't say just when,—

My Lady Spring will be with you again.

We are brave little messengers; that I know.

What other fellows would dare to show

Their faces in such a wintry air?

They're afraid of the cold, and we don't care;

For we wish to be first to bear to you

A message which may or may not be true.

But we're prudent; we wear our coats of fur,

For, to tell the truth, though we're fond of her,

We can't always trust My Lady's word.

Just the other day I heard a bluebird

Declare that he'd sung, "The Spring is here!"

A thousand times, before she'd appear.

My Lady whispered to us in our sleep,
And waked us out of our slumber deep.
How we *did* hurry! We thought, "We're late,
And our message will be quite out of date!"
So we dressed in haste, and here are we;
But what of My Lady,—where is she?

P. S.—

Some of the fellows are awfully cold,
And say that they think they are "rather sold."
See that small crocus, he's almost dead,
And he's drawn his fur coat over his head!

YOUR friend, the Rev. J. A. Davis, has sent some pleasant bits of observation to this pulpit, which I shall be glad to throw out to you now and then, very much as you throw crumbs to the sparrows. Here are the first of them:

A LIVE PAPER-WEIGHT.

A PARSONAGE cat whose favorite seat is on the study table has found a new use for himself. He watches his master's pen, and occasionally, when the writer is tired, takes the holder in his mouth. But his real usefulness is to act as a paper-weight. When a sheet is finished and laid aside, the cat walks gravely to it and takes his seat on the paper. As soon as another is laid aside, he leaves the first and sits down on the second. Sometimes, to try him, his master lays down, on different parts of the table, sheets in rapid succession. But "Powhatan"—the cat—remains seated, shrewdly supposing that to be fun, not business. When work begins anew, the cat seats himself on the last paper laid down, and waits for another. Thus he shows that he watches his master's work, and perhaps thinks it his duty to keep the paper from blowing away.

I CALL that a clever cat, and one well worth owning.

Next we have an account of a hen who not only knows her own mind, but, as the dear Little School-ma'am would say, evidently has the courage of her convictions. Her motto appears to be:

"NO LIGHT CHICKS NEED APPLY."

DEAR FRIEND JACK: Last summer, at Dunellen, N. J., a white hen hatched a brood of chicks, some as white as herself, and others as black as young crows. When placed in a coop with her brood, she hovered carefully over the dark ones, but pecked the white chicks and drove them away. Nor would she allow them near the coop. The little outcasts might have perished had not another and more motherly hen adopted them as her own. This the white hen seemed to resent; for she adopted the dark chicks of the brood into which her own white ones had gone. Not content with that, she coaxed, one after another, nearly every dark-feathered little one in that yard to her own shelter, and cared for all with patient tenderness. Soon she had her coop so full of dark chicks that many were forced to sleep outside her sheltering wings. Until she left her brood, that hen showed a mother's care for all dark chickens, and the hatred of a foe to those of white feathers. Yours truly, J. A. D.

A MISPELLED TAIL.

A LITTLE buoy said, "Mother, deer,
May I go out too play?
The son is bright, the heir is clear,
Owe, mother, don't say neigh!"

"Go fourth, my sun," the mother said.
The ant said, "Take ewer slay,
Your gneiss knew sled, awl painted read,
Butt dew knot lose your weigh."

"Ah, know," he cried, and sought the street
With hart sew full of glee—
The whether changed—and snow and sleet,
And reign, fell steadily.

Threw snowdrifts grate, threw watery pool,
He flue with mite and mane—
Said he, "Though I wood walk by rule,
I am not rite, 't is plane.

"I 'd like to meat sum kindly sole,
For hear gnu dangers weight,
And yonder stairs a treacherous whole—
Two sloe has been my gate.

"A peace of bred, a nice hot stake,
I 'd chews if I were home,
This crewel fête my hart will brake,
Eye love knot thus to roam.

"I 'm week and pail, I 've mist my rode,"
But here a carte came past,
He and his sled were safely toad
Back two his home at last.

SUCH is the funny and, at the same time, pathetic story cleverly told in wrong spelling by Mrs. E. T. Corbett. And the dear Little Schoolma'am hopes each and all of you, my beloved, who can read and write, will copy out the verses neatly, and with the proper spelling. This done, perhaps

you may enjoy showing the original, and your correct version, to your own Little Schoolma'am and tutors.

THE TREE OF LOVE.

A CORRESPONDENT, Mrs. Mary McNeil Scott, requests me to tell you of a very curious tree, a picture of which she has drawn for you from life. This tree, it seems, never forgets to show its own

special peculiarity. It stands in the grounds of the famous Buddhist temples of Shiba, Tokio, Japan, the lady says, and is, she believes, the only one ever seen in the Sunrise Kingdom.

The priests relate that many years ago a pilgrim brought a small cutting from India, and when, three months later, it was planted in Japanese ground sacred to the great Buddha, it at once began its slow but steady growth. It is now from twenty to twenty-five feet high—not a very tall tree, but surely a very remarkable one, as you will see by examining the picture; for every branch, every twig, is joined to another.

The bark is gray and smooth, and the leaves, are shaped like those of the water-maple.

The Japanese call it "Ai-no-ki," or tree of love, from its affectionate habit of joining hands.

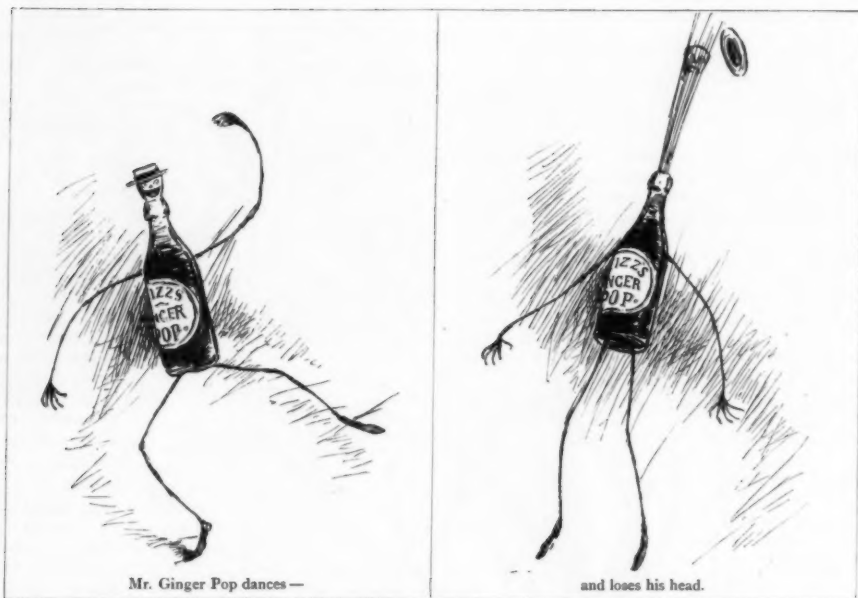
It is of the genus *Ficus*, and is related to the banian-tree, the fig, which grows in all of the Southern States, the india-rubber tree, and the mulberry.



THE "AI-NO-KI," OR "TREE OF LOVE."

INANIMATE THINGS ANIMATED.

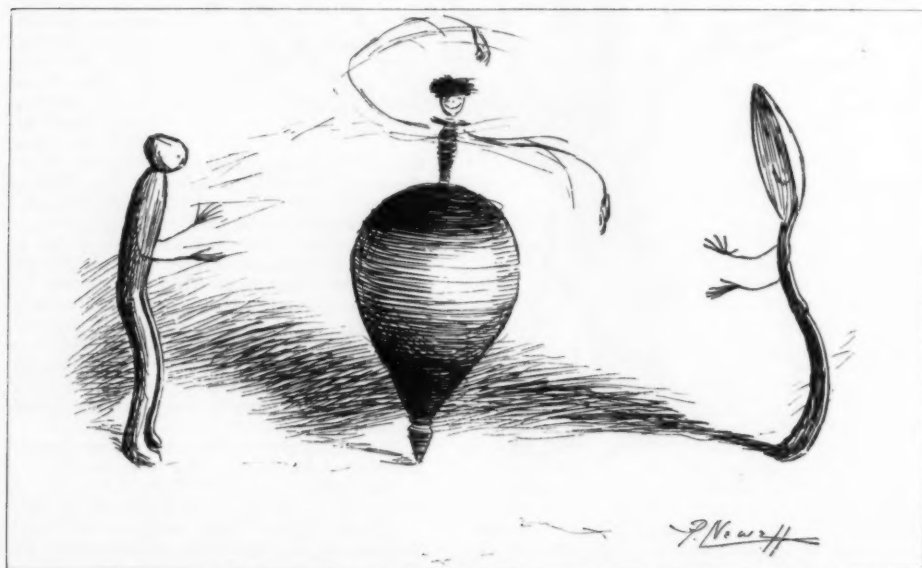
By P. NEWELL.



Mr. Ginger Pop dances —

and loses his head.

CANNOT STAND SHAKING UP.



WHAT A GRACEFUL DANCER MISS TOP IS, TO BE SURE! BUT SHE OVERDOES IT, FOR SHE INVARIABLY DANCES UNTIL SHE FALLS DOWN.

THE LETTER-BOX.

SAN QUENTIN, MARIN CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In all your letters I have never seen one from a State's Prison. You must not think me an inmate of the prison. Papa is Warden. We have a beautiful home on a hill overlooking the lovely bay of San Francisco. The front of our house is terraced down almost to the water's edge. Even in winter the terraces are covered with lovely flowers.

We have a fine view of Mt. Tamalpais and Mt. Diablo. We go to San Francisco very often. It takes only an hour. There are about 1250 prisoners here now.

I am enjoying Mrs. Wiggin's California story very much.

From your loving reader,
S. F. H.—.

NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for some time. I wrote the little poem which I send about my dolly expressly for your Letter-box. I hope you will like it well enough to print it, for I did it all myself.

Yours very truly, VERA WARNER V.—.

MY DOLLY.

I HAD a little dolly,
Her eyes were brown and true;
Her name was Lady Molly,
And she was from Peru.

But, alas, my poor little dolly!
I left her out in the snow,
And there my dear Lady Molly
Lost all her color; so

I had to send for the surgeon,
Who gave her a tonic of paint,
And, though she looks like an Jun,
She still is my dear little saint.

V. W. V.

NAPLES, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This morning was clear and bright, and the water was smooth, so we made up our minds to go to Capri. I did not know we were going till about half an hour before we started. Right after breakfast, Papa said that he was going out walking. When he came back he told us that he had tickets for Capri, and had brought a guide with him called Pietro. That was the first I heard about going. It was then about half-past eight, and the boat for Capri left at nine.

So we got our overcoats, and I got Phoenix (he is a sailor Brownie) and started down-stairs. We met Pietro in the hall, and he relieved us of our overcoats. The steamer dock was about five minutes' walk from the hotel.

When we got to the dock, we found we would have to go out to the steamer in a small boat, so we all climbed into one. There was only one rower in the boat, but he made it go very fast. It took about five minutes to get out to the steamer. We had to climb up the steamer's side from our little boat, which I thought was a great deal of fun. When we got on board, we saw something funny. There were two boys in the water with trunks on, and they were always calling out, "Money, Monsieur, money!" And when people threw coppers to them, they would dive and catch them before they touched

bottom. In about an hour after starting, we passed Vesuvius. In three hours after we had left Naples, we stopped in front of the blue grotto at Capri. Here little boats came out to meet us, and Papa, Pietro, and myself got into the first boat, and Mama and Aunt Emily got into the next. The entrance to the grotto looks pitch black, as if you were going to the center of the earth. The opening is about three feet high, and you have to lie flat in the bottom of the boat to get in. We waited till a good chance to rush in, and got in between two waves. Inside, the water was a brilliant blue, and the roof a very rich dark blue. After we had gone to the extreme end of the grotto, the water looked prettier than ever. There were twelve boats in the grotto, so it was very crowded. Our boatman then took us to the other side of the grotto, and stirred up the water with his oar, which made it look brighter than ever. We stayed in the grotto fifteen minutes, and then it was time to go to the steamer. We had a little trouble getting out, but nothing of any account happened. When we got out, Papa took a photograph of Mama and Aunt Emily in their boat. After all the people from the grotto got on board, the steamer started for the town of Capri. Here we got off and had a ride. On the way back, we stopped at a wayside inn for lunch. After that we took the steamer back to Naples.

Yours sincerely,
THORNTON O.—.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. I live in the most beautiful part of the city, in the region of the lakes. I have always lived here, and my mama before me. My grandpa bought this land from the government, and it is now in the heart of the city. My grandpa and grandma were the first white couple married at St. Anthony Falls, which is now Minneapolis, and my mama was the third white child born at the Falls. My grandpa built the first frame house out of the first lumber sawed by the first mill built at the Falls, and in this house my mama was born. Grandpa also opened the first store; so, you see, I am from a truly pioneer family.

Your little subscriber,
CORAH C.—.

SHOLAPOOR, INDIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sure the children who read the ST. NICHOLAS would like to know about our visit to Bejapoor (Papa, Aunt Mary, my sister Nella, and myself). We spent two days there. It used to be an old Mohammedan city, and they must have spent millions of rupees over it—one dollar is equal to three rupees. The first evening we went to the citadel. It contains many buildings that used to belong to the Emperor. It has a moat all around it. The prettiest building in the citadel is the English church—formerly a tomb. In the middle there is a small dome, beautifully colored in different colors. There is a very high watch-tower. We went up 188 steps, and there were some more, but so broken down we could not go up. Then we went to the Ali Rauza. If it had been finished it would have covered more space than any other building in Bejapoor. It has from forty to fifty arches. Before it could be finished it was conquered by the Mahrattas.

Then we went to the Asar Mahal. It is one of the plainest buildings, but the most sacred. In one of the

rooms are supposed to be two hairs of Mohammed's beard. They are kept in a box, and the box in a room. The room is opened but once a year, and the box is never to be opened. Some years ago burglars got into the room and disarranged the contents, but the people hope that the burglars were too holy to steal the relics.

From here we went to the Makka Masjid—a mosque for women. It is a plain but pretty building. The carvings are all of stone.

The next morning we went to Ibrahim Rauzza. This is the prettiest building in Bejapoor. The mosque and tomb are facing each other. Nearly every tomb has connected with it a mosque. The mosque in all cases is smaller than the tomb. Each emperor built himself a tomb that he could be buried in, and each one wished his tomb finer than the one before him; so whoever built Ibrahim Rauzza must have thought it would be difficult for his son to surpass it. His son, when he became emperor, knew he could not surpass his father's work in quality, so he tried in quantity. He built the Gol Gumbaz, the largest dome in the world. In it is the finest whispering gallery. The slightest whisper can be heard from side to side, which is 128 feet, and a loud clap can be heard over ten times distinctly. Some of the cornices around the top were broken off by lightning, so the natives have hung a piece of a meteor from one of the cornices so the lightning will not strike it. This dome can be seen from a distance of forty miles.

During our visit there we saw the longest and heaviest cannon, and the largest cast-iron cannon in the world, I think. The longest cannon is called the "Haidar Burj." The heaviest is called the "Landa Kasab," and the largest cast-iron cannon, "Maliki Maidan," or "King of the Plain." The muzzle of this gun in diameter is four and one half feet.

Your interested reader,

EDITH G.—

ON page 329 of the March ST. NICHOLAS, the list of articles shown as memorials of Franklin includes the "Composing stone." It should read, "Imposing stone"—a stone or iron slab upon which pages, when set up in type or cast into plates, are so arranged that they will appear in regular order after the printed sheet is folded.

GREAT MALVERN, ENGLAND.

DEAR OLD ST. NICK: Malvern is a very pretty place. I have a donkey every day, when it is not too cold. His name is "Jumbo." I am going to tell you about a little adventure we once had. We (Mama, Papa, and Miss Mason, my governess, and I) were going to a wayside station called Glandovey. We had missed our train from the place we were leaving, and we could not go on till 7 P. M., and we did not reach Glandovey till about nine (happily it was summer), and then we could not find the house, which was a farm, perched upon a hill, without a great deal of bother. But in searching for it we found several glow-worms. They were so pretty.

When at last we found the house, all the people were in bed, and we had considerable trouble to get them up, but at last we did, and got comfortably settled for the night; so there was the end of that, in dreamland. Good-by.

From your loving little reader,

NELLIE H.—

BENSON, VT.

DEAR ST. NICK: I am a girl fourteen years old. We live in a small Vermont village in a small house which stands in the shade of a very large elm-tree that is twelve feet in circumference. We have three horses, one of which I call mine; his name is "Jerry." He is five years old. One of the other horses is a western pony; we call him "Pedro." They have all been running in the lot to-day. I have a kitten; she is gray and white. I go to school, take music-lessons, and study elocution. You were a Christmas present to me from one of my sisters this year, but we have had you before. A cousin took you, and when he had read you he sent you to us, but now I have you to myself.

I remain your reader,

FANNY L.—

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been very much interested in Miss Wilkins's pastels in the *Harper's* and the *Century*, so I thought I would write one for the Letter-box.

Your interested reader,

ELIZABETH TAPPAN W.—

(Twelve years old.)

THE BALL-PLAYERS.

(A Pastel in Prose.)

They play ball.

The pitcher from his box throws the ball, the catcher catches it and the umpire calls "One strike."

They play ball.

The catcher returns the ball. Again the pitcher throws it, the man swings his bat, and hits it away off down the field. He runs and reaches first. The crowd cheer. He does not hear them, but only sees a young girl smiling on him.

They play ball.

The pitcher pitches the ball. The man now at the bat hits it, and reaches third, while the man who is running makes a run. He has won the game. The crowd cheer, but he only sees the young girl smiling on him.

They play ball.

E. T. W.—

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Fred H. M., Jenny C., Bessie and Annie B., Gordon B., Richard H. P., H. Fen S., Edith T., Agnes C., Disney C. W., Cecil R. L., Zada S., Dottie L., Etta L., Effingham C. M. A., Mabel W., Will P. B., R. H. Edgar, Jeff B. W., Gertrude W., Alex. McD. C., Genevieve S., Hilda M., Mary E. C., Bessie K. F., Grace M. B., Belle H., Angela and Alice, Laura C., Dorothea P., Agnes S., W. F. A., Blanche M., G. H. V., Eugene C. H., Chester D. S., E. P. M., Esther D., Dorothy A. G., Emma E. T., Theresa B., Anna L., M. C. L., Edith J., Helen A. W., Elise M. H., Elizabeth B., Everett M. H., Katharine S. and Nan J. C., Marguerite, Margie G. R., Daisy M., Willie S., Florence and Marie, Mollie W., Marjorie C., Mamie S., E. R. Carter, "The Two L's," Lefavor H. B., Hal., Grace H., Daisy S., Edith M. A., Mary R. M., Bettie M. and Florence B., Carrie R., Evy T. McG., Lottie F., Paul R. G., Henrietta C., Robert B., Clarence W. B., Anne L., Winifred C., Bennie and Pat, Philip H. B., Eveline M., S. and C., Hilda W., Margaret G. T., Helen W. B., Marie H. E., Isandula, Chaka C. and "Cetewayo," Margaret S. W.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

HALF-SQUARES. I. 1. Manatee. 2. Azalea. 3. Named. 4. Ales. 5. Ted. 6. Ea (earn). 7. E. II. 1. Peccary. 2. Elaine. 3. Canon. 4. Clob. 5. Add. 6. Re. 7. Y.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Mount (William Sidney Mount). Cross-words: 1. caMel. 2. gObel. 3. moUse. 4. caNes. 5. laTch.—ANAGRAM. Thomas Carlyle.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Paste. 2. Abhor. 3. Shine. 4. Tonic. 5. Erect. II. 1. Hands. 2. Afoot. 3. Noble. 4. Dolce. 5. Stead. III. 1. Tress. 2. Rapid. 3. Epode. 4. Sidle. 5. Sleep. IV. 1. Dumps. 2. Union. 3. Mites. 4. Forte. 5. Sneer. V. 1. Phase. 2. Haven. 3. Avert. 4. Serge. 5. Enter.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Primals, Macaulay; finals, Tennyson. Cross-words: 1. Mount. 2. Atone. 3. Clean. 4. Adorn. 5. Unity. 6. Loris. 7. Andro. 8. Years. II. Primals, Browning; finals, Kingsley. Cross-words: 1. Break. 2. Radli. 3. Oken. 4. Wrong. 5. Notes. 6. Ideal. 7. Nerve. 8. Giddy.

OCTAGON. 1. Neb. 2. Cameo. 3. Nacarai. 4. Emanate. 5. Berated. 6. Oaten. 7. Ted.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from "The McG's"—Maude E. Palmer—Paul Reese—G. B. Dyer—Josephine Sherwood—Three of "The Wise Five"—Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.—Mama and Jamie—"Deerfoot"—"The Tivoli Gang"—"Maine and Minnesota"—"Uncle Mung"—A. H. R. and M. G. R.—Helen C. McCleary—Ida Carleton Thallon—"Chiddingstone"—Harriet Scott—"Chloe, '93"—"A Family Affair"—L. O. E.—E. M. G.—"Infantry"—Blanche and Fred—Mabel and Papa—Chester B. Sumner—Stephen O. Hawkins—Jessie Chapman—Ida and Alice—Amelia O. Craig—Jo and I—Rosalie Bloomingdale—"Leather-stocking"—Dora F. Hereford.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Sophia Boucher, 1—George S. Seymour, 6—Arthur Barnard, 3—Harold Smith, 1—Lawrence Pumpelly, 1—Everett M. Hawley, 9—George W. Outerbridge, 1—Ruth Walker, 1—Papa and Effie, 1—Edith J., 3—Ruth B. Austin, 2—Ruth and Leila, 2—Eurydice Leland, 1—James Strasburg, 1—Howard A. Plummer, 1—Melville Hunnewell, 7—Lizzie A. Schilling, 3—Harold C. Durrell, 1—J. L. Peabody, 1—J. L. M., 2—Frederica D. Bullene, 1—"Toots and Coga," 1—Nellie Louise J., 2—L. H. K., 3—Margaret H. N. and A. H. N., 6—Mary M., 1—Ammon High and friend, 1—Ruth Robinson, 3—Sallie E. Bradford, 1—Rulinda M. Hough, 1—Lillie W., 2—Sadie, Jamie, and Mama, 4—Erlmah L. Paulett, 1—"Three Wise Ones," 2—Jessie Fanshawe, 1—Mary M. Bohannon, 2—May G., 3—John Whitney, 1—Lillian Adonis, 3—Julian L. Peabody, 1—H. G. Dunham, 1—"Kim and Bubbles," 4—Mary Lewis, 1—Grace P. Lawrence, 2—Winifred V. W., 4—Rose Ottolenghi, 9—Floy L. Noteman, 1—Marion Cruik, 2—Mary Peter, 1—Mary L. N., 3—Zole Agrati, 2—Edwin Rutherford, 1—Bobbie Wallis, 1—Geoffrey Parsons, 6—Ethel M. Cook, 1—E. L. S., 1—Gwendolen Reid, 5—Laura Stedman, 2—G. T. Shirley, 1—Berrie and Leila Ford, 2—Minnie and Lizzie, 1—Carita Archibald, 7—Louise and Florence, 1—Dorothy Johnson, 1—Belle and Katherine, 1—A. Pendennis, Esq., 3—Margie F., 1—Jessie I. Blake and Mama, 4—"Elaine the fair," 1—Aunt Kate and Ethel, 6—Marion and May, 1—Irving, 1—Bessie F. Keefer, 7—G. B. N. H., 9—Laura M. Zinser, 8—Elinor Barras, 5—Nellie Hazledine, 1—Mama and Charlie, 4—"May and '79," 1—May G. Martin, 2—Jessie and Aunt L., 6—Booth, 1—Maud and Dudley Banks, 9—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Robert S. Walker, 1—Elizabeth, 5—"Three Blind Mice," 5—L. M. K., 4—Howard Eager, 9—Leonard K. Sparrow, Jr., 3.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A FISH. 2. Escapes privately. 3. A marsh. 4. Impervious to the rays of light. 5. Consequence. 6. Property applicable to the discharge of debts.

II. 1. A cavity. 2. Belonging to races or nations. 3. A pursuer. 4. To secure. 5. A range of mountains. 6. To cry out.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1	.	.	.	8	.	.	.	15
2	.	.	.	9	.	.	.	16
3	.	.	.	10	.	.	.	17
4	.	.	.	11	.	.	.	18
5	.	.	.	12	.	.	.	19
6	.	.	.	13	.	.	.	20
7	.	.	.	14	.	.	.	21

From 1 to 8, to starve; from 2 to 9, a large grazing-farm; from 3 to 10, to have in great plenty; from 4 to 11, observing; from 5 to 12, to fondle; from 6 to 13, an inhabitant of Greenland; from 7 to 14, a fine fish.

From 8 to 15, to associate familiarly; from 9 to 16, a

Pl. Do you know where the crocus blows?
Under the snows;
Wide-eyed and winsome and daintily fair
As waken exotic close-tended and rare;
Every child knows
Where the first crocus blows.

ILLUSTRATED METAMORPHOSIS. March, larch, parch, patch, hatch, catch, watch, latch, match, march.

ZIGZAG. Lycidas. Cross-words: 1. Lace. 2. hYmn. 3. taCt. 4. cadf. 5. coDe. 6. jAko. 7. Shaq.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Naval. 2. Adage. 3. Vague. 4. Agues. 5. Leese. II. 1. Dread. 2. Raver. 3. Evite. 4. Aëna. 5. Dread.

BOX PUZZLE. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Lead. 2. Edge. 3. Ague. 4. Deet. SIDE SQUARE: 1. Deer. 2. Emma. 3. Emit. 4. Rate.

LOWER SQUARE: 1. Rate. 2. Aged. 3. Tend. 4. Eddy. From 4 to 7, rate.

A PENTAGON. 1. S. 2. Sod. 3. Selah. 4. Soliped. 5. Dapple. 6. Helve. 7. Desm.

variety of brass made to resemble gold; from 10 to 17, a weapon; from 11 to 18, a measure of capacity; from 12 to 19, to greet; from 13 to 20, motive; from 14 to 21, floating in water.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 21, name a popular story-writer.

F. W. F.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-seven letters, and am a quotation from Lord Chesterfield.

My 35-14-49 is part of a wheel. My 27-2-54-47-39-23 is the pharynx. My 11-20-9-29 is part of the head. My 18-6-4 is to observe. My 44-16-32-22 is the flower-de-luce. My 31-56-5-36 is a swarm of bees. My 40-53-3-57 is to cause to grow rapidly in value. My 1-28-17 is for what cause. My 19-42-7-46 is to injure. My 52-37-34-24-26 is a contest. My 13-48-10-38-30 is to raise. My 45-43-15-41-33-51 is powerful. My 55-25-21-12-50-8 is a large island. B. G.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A VOWEL. 2. A tone of the diatonic scale. 3. A sea eagle. 4. A breach. 5. Certain aquatic birds. 6. Behind. 7. Precious stones. 8. Dress. 9. Pouring forth. 10. Faltering.

"XELIS."



QUOTATION PUZZLE.

ALL of the following quotations may be found in Shakspeare's works. When the missing words have been rightly supplied and placed side by side they will form a quotation by La Rochefoucauld.

1. "And wonder we to see thy honest son * * * will of thy arrival be full joyous."

2. "The evil that mendo * * * * * after them."

3. "Nor no * * * * * book prologue, faintly spoke after the prompter."

4. "If thou remember'st not the slightest * * * * *

That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved."

5. "My master * * of churlish disposition

And little reckes to find the way to heaven

By doing deeds of hospitality."

6. "I am shepherd to another man

And do * * * shear the fleeces that I graze."

7. "And * *, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe."

8. "Fools may not speak wisely what * * * * * men do foolishly."

9. " * * I do live by food, I met a fool."

10. " * * dies that touches any of this fruit

Till I and my affairs are answered."

11. "Shylock, the world * * * * *, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act." L. W.

PL.

Ho, garlstyne l!al het prail sayd!

Het wrobn sbud rended ni thire glith,

Dan spedris pins yb ady dan thing;

Het lowwil flits a lelyow haez

Fo grinsping slavee of teme eht nus,

Hewil wond theri twihe-tones scoures nur

Het twifs, gadl skorob, dan sinhunes swavee

A tholc fo gener rof swiploc veales

Thoghur lal het slifed fo larip sady.

NOVEL HOUR-GLASS.

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1 . . . 3

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* * *

* * *
* * *

4 . . . 2

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* * *

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Timid. 2. Vapor. 3. Wastes by friction. 4. A beverage. 5. In prognostication. 6. A

useful article. 7. To make a proposal of. 8. Veracity. 9. Antique.

Central letters, salutary; from 1 to 2, a beverage; from 3 to 4, a contest in boxing.

H. W. E.

HOLLOW ST. ANDREW'S CROSS.

* * *
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* * *

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shreds. 2. To place. 3. A governor. 4. A number. 5. In shreds.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shreds. 2. A cover. 3. Acted irrationally. 4. A vegetable. 5. In shreds.

III. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shreds. 2. To force in. 3. Became furious. 4. Encountered. 5. In shreds.

IV. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shreds. 2. Period. 3. Apparel. 4. A beast of burden. 5. In shreds.

MATTIE WHITE.

HOLLOW STAR.

4
* * * * * 2
* * * * *
* * * * *
5 6
* * * * *
3

FROM 1 to 2, a poster; from 1 to 3, a winged horse; from 2 to 3, obscures; from 4 to 5, an alloy of mercury with another metal; from 4 to 6, a kind of puzzle; from 5 to 6, to call by a wrong name.

M. A. S.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell what Dr. Johnson called Dean Bathurst.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The ship which carried Jason and his companions to Colchis. 2. Venerable. 3. A masculine name. 4. Likewise. 5. The lower part of the wall of an apartment when adorned with moldings, or otherwise specially decorated. 6. A nautical term used in hailing. 7. Related by blood. 8. An English town, famous for its college. 9. The end of a prayer. 10. The harness of horses or cattle.

TOMMY R.

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